

HIT COMICS

SEPTEMBER
No. 54

10¢



I.C.C.
9

Kid ETERNITY
meets
**The GHOST TOWN
KILLER!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

JUKE BOX BANK

**A Real Money-Maker
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

**Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!**

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



*Sturdy
Steel
Construction*

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return unopened within 10 days for a speedy refund.



**famous
Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER**

Only \$2.98
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
It's Accurate!*

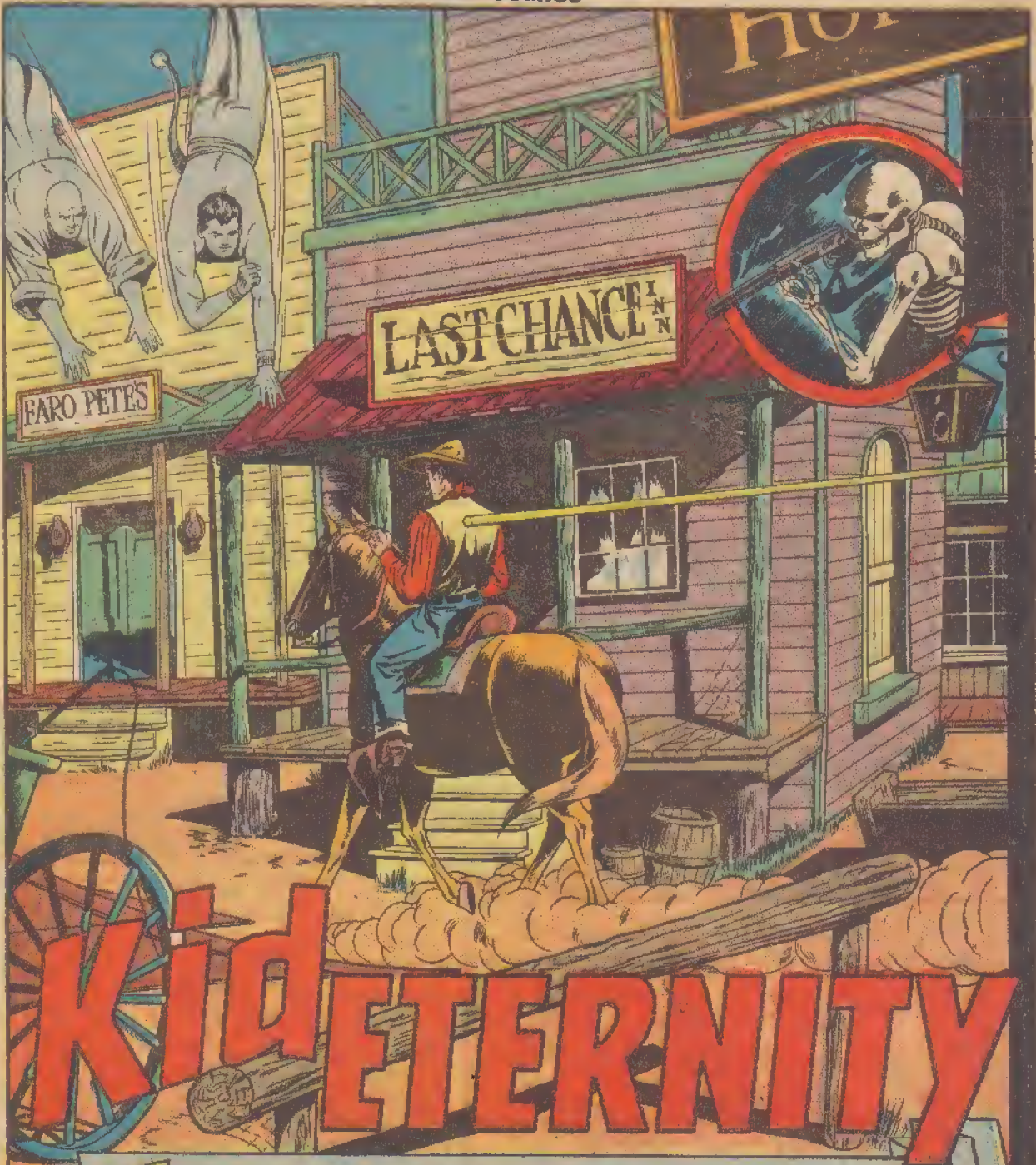
**PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...
...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!**

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids! . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-63

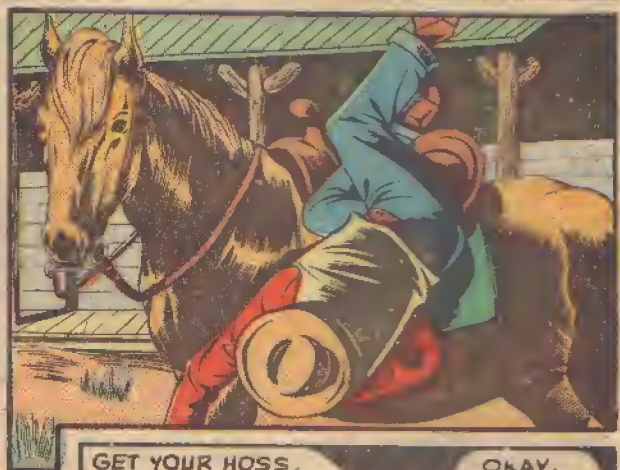
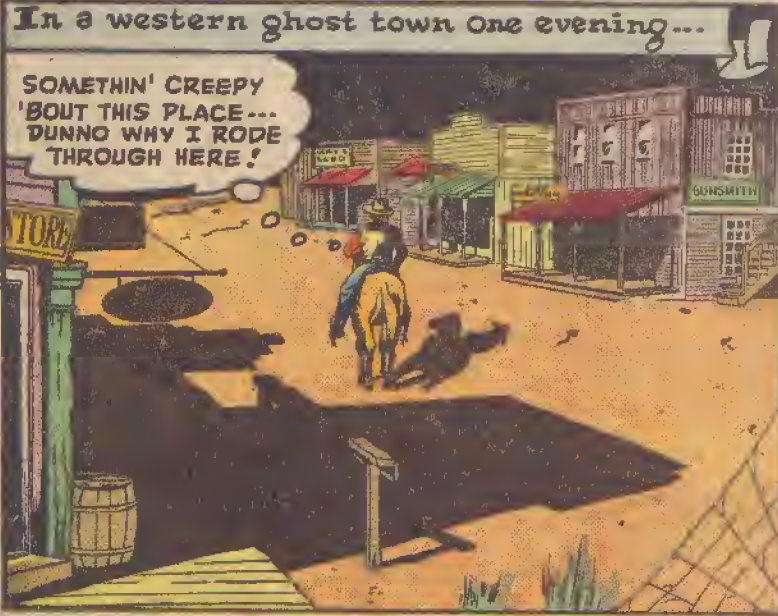


When KID ETERNITY met an untimely death through an error, Fate repaid him with immortality and miraculous powers! With his guardian, Mr. Keeper, he can become visible or invisible at will, and he can summon the glorious heroes of the past to aid him!

Little wonder, then, that the ghost-town killer, speeding death along an eery beam of light, met his master when the amazing youth stepped out of ETERNITY!

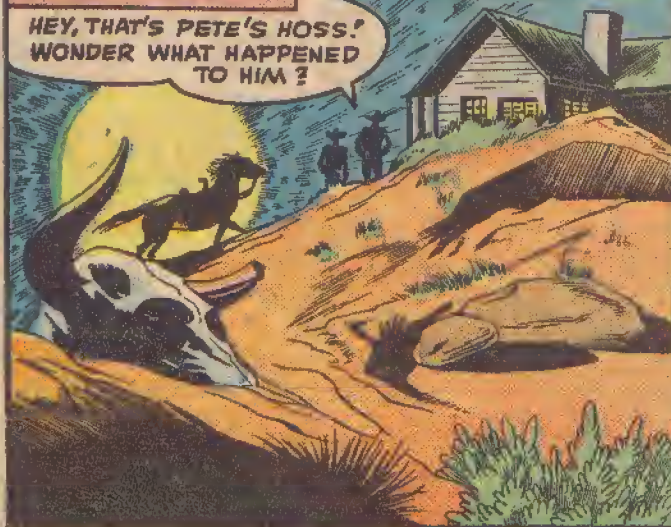
In a western ghost town one evening...

SOMETHIN' CREEPY
'BOUT THIS PLACE...
DUNNO WHY I RODE
THROUGH HERE!



A few minutes later, at the Bar X
ranch house...

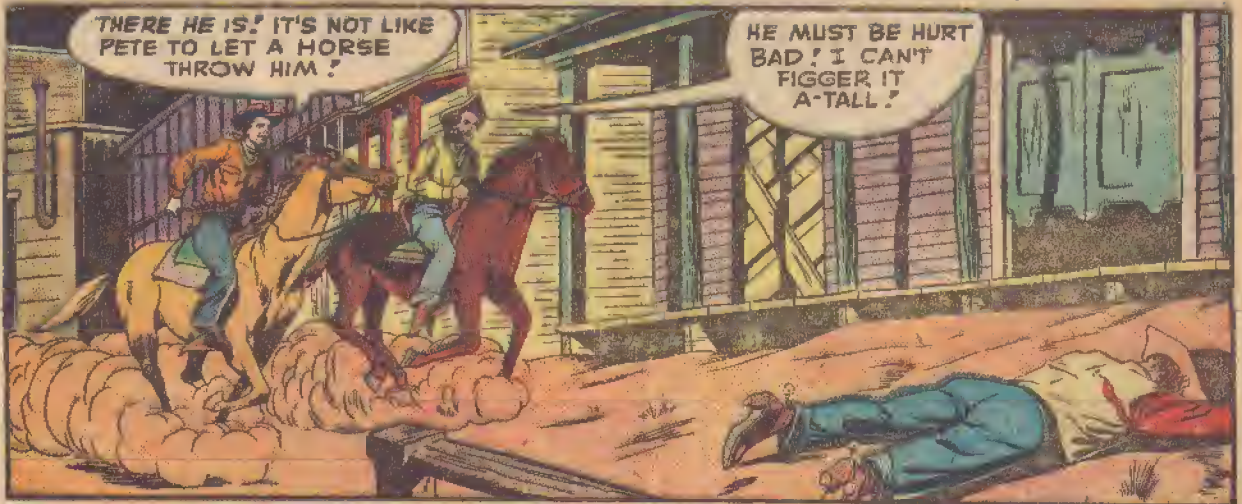
HEY, THAT'S PETE'S HOSS!
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM?



GET YOUR HOSS,
BRAD! WE'LL RIDE
BACK AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM!

OKAY,
STEVE!
BE WITH
YOU
PRONTO!





THERE HE IS! IT'S NOT LIKE PETE TO LET A HORSE THROW HIM!

HE MUST BE HURT BAD! I CAN'T FIGGER IT A-TALL!



GREAT HORNED TOADS! HE'S BEEN SHOT!

IN THE BACK, TOO! SLUG WENT PLUMB THROUGH HIM!

And watching from a hidden place in the ghost town-



PESKY FOOLS! THOUGHT I COULDN'T COME BACK, DID THEY? I'LL SHOW 'EM!



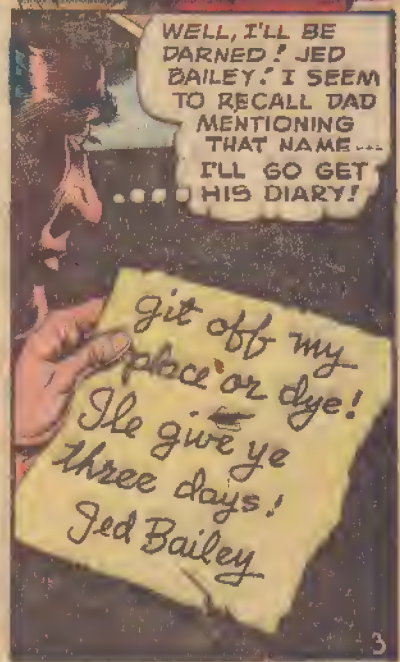
NOW WHO IN THUNDER DO YOU SUPPOSE GUNNED POOR OLD PETE?

IT'S SHORE A MYSTERY! PETE DIDN'T HAVE NO ENEMIES!



Next morning---

HULLO, WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE TIED TO AN INDIAN ARROW!



WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! JED BAILEY. I SEEM TO RECALL DAD MENTIONING THAT NAME... I'LL GO GET HIS DIARY!

git off my place or dye!
Ile give ye three days!
Jed Bailey

HIT COMICS

LOOK AT THAT INDIAN, MR. KEEPER! HE'S RUNNING LIKE A DEER, RIGHT INTO THAT OLD GHOST TOWN! LET'S GO HAVE A LOOK!

OKAY! SINCE I'VE BEEN YOUR GUARDIAN, KID ETERNITY, I'VE HAD VERY LITTLE REST... BUT, COME ON!

HE'S VANISHED COMPLETELY, KEEP! AND I ONLY TOOK MY EYES OFF HIM FOR A SECOND!

MAYBE HE WAS ONE OF THOSE MIRAGES THAT OCCUR IN THIS REGION! STILL, I SAW HIM QUITE CLEARLY!

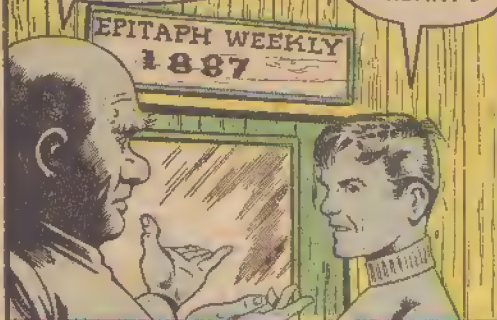


I REMEMBER THIS PLACE SIXTY YEARS AGO! IT WAS A ROARING GOLD-MINING TOWN! NOW IT'S DEAD...PEOPLED ONLY WITH GHOSTS!

-AND ONE LINE INDIAN! WHERE IS HE, ANYWAY? WHY WAS HE IN SUCH A HURRY?

YOU DONE WHAT I TOLD YOU, BOY? YOU SHOT THAT ARRRR INTO THE DOOR AT THE RANCH?

UGH, ME DO! NOBODY SEE ME! WHAT I DO NEXT?



YOU, BEAT IT BACK TO YER HIDIN' PLACE AN' WAIT! PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE HAVIN' A HEAP O' GOLD! HA-HA-HA!

I GO! COME BACK WHEN YOU SAY!

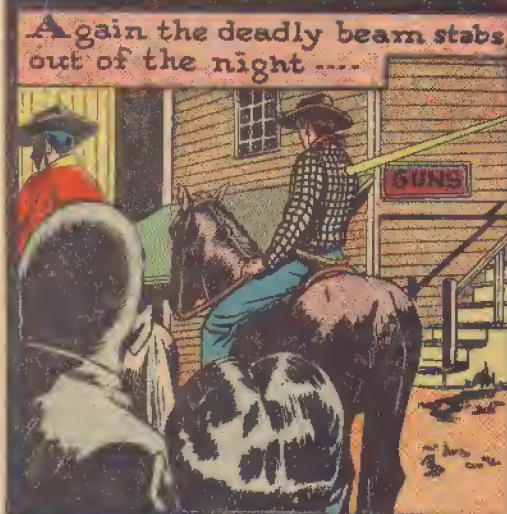
OLD MAN HEAP CRAZY IN HEAD! BUT HE SAY GIVE ME PLENTY GOLD PURTY SOON!

That night, after a long search...

HE'S GONE, KEEP! BUT I'VE A FEELING THIS PLACE IS---

SHHH... LISTEN! HORSES APPROACHING!





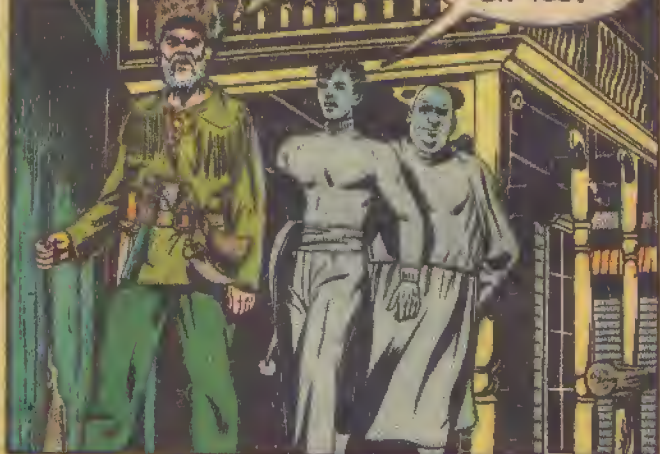
Out of the beyond, the magic word brings a famous scout...

JIM BRIDGER!
YOU KNEW EVERY
CORNER OF THIS
TOWN, DIDN'T
YOU?

KNEW? BLESS YE,
KID ETERNITY! YE AIN'T
FIGGERIN' I'D FERGIT
SO SOON, BE YE?

MEBBE I CAN SHOW YE WHERE
THIS HERE GHOSTLY KILLER'S
A-HIDIN'? COME ON!

GOOD MAN,
JIM! I KNEW
I COULD COUNT
ON YOU!

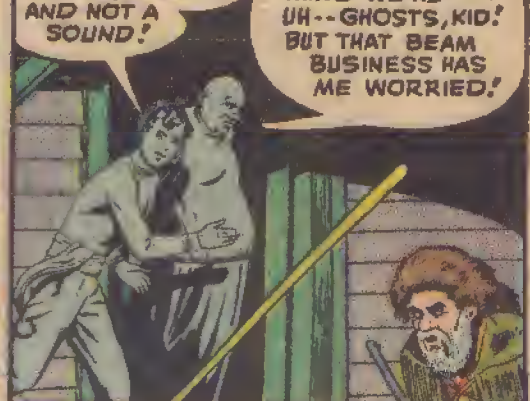


THAT STREAK O' LIGHT WHAT'S
WORRYIN' YE, BUB?

YES! FLATTEN
OUT, JIM! IT'S
COMING THIS
WAY!

THAT WAS MIGHTY
CLOSE, KEEP!
AND NOT A
SOUND!

HMM! A GOOD
THING WE'RE...
UH--GHOSTS, KID!
BUT THAT BEAM
BUSINESS HAS
ME WORRIED!



BY CRACKY, THAT
LIGHT THING MADE
A BULLET HOLE!
NEVER HEARD OF
BULLETS TRAVELIN'
ON JIST LIGHT!

YOU MUST
BE CAREFUL,
JIM--LISTEN!
I HEAR
SOMETHING!

IT'S THE COWBOYS!
I'D BETTER BECOME
VISIBLE SO I CAN
EXPLAIN ABOUT JIM...

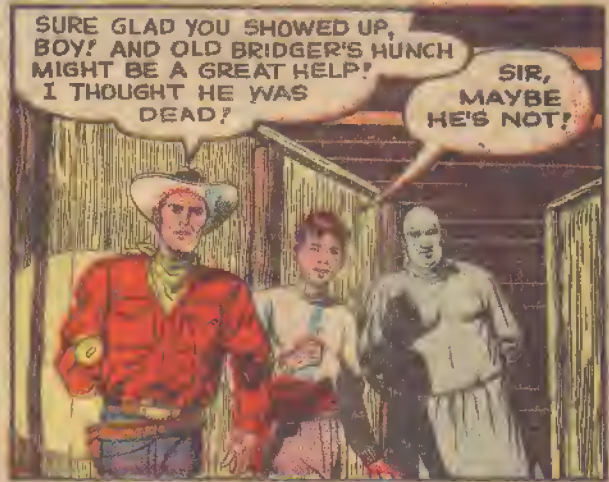
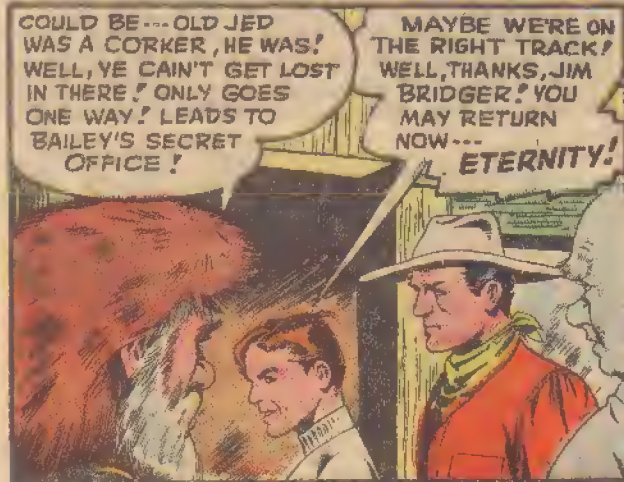
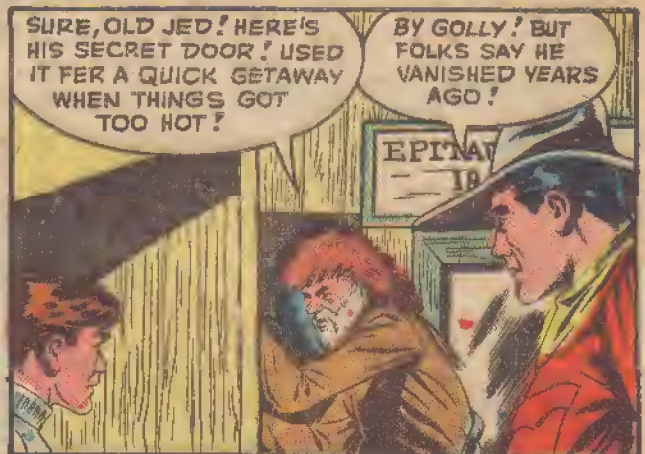
ETERNITY!

RIGHT GLAD TO
KNOW YE! I
WAS JUST TAKIN'
THE KID
ON A SEARCH
FOR THE
KILLER'S
HIDEOUT!

OH, YOU
HAVE AN
IDEA WHERE
TO LOOK?



HIT COMICS





I NEVER KNEW THIS SHAFT EXISTED, AND I'VE OWNED THE BAR X NEARLY TWENTY YEARS!

IT HASN'T BEEN USED IN YEARS... SEE THE DEEP DUST?



After walking nearly a mile....

IT'S A MINE, ALL RIGHT! AN OLD GOLD MINE!

GEE! THIS IS MORE OF A MYSTERY THAN EVER!



THERE'S A LEGEND ABOUT A SECRET MINE, BUT I NEVER TOOK ANY STOCK IN LEGENDS!

COULD BE OLD BAILEY WAS MIXED UP IN IT!



MY GOSH! LOOK, KID! THAT VEIN OF GOLD IS A FOOT THICK! NO WONDER BAILEY WANTS ME TO LEAVE MY RANCH!

MISTER, YOU'RE RICH!



YES—THE SHAFT RUNS UNDER MY PROPERTY, THE LAND BAILEY OWNED BEFORE ME!



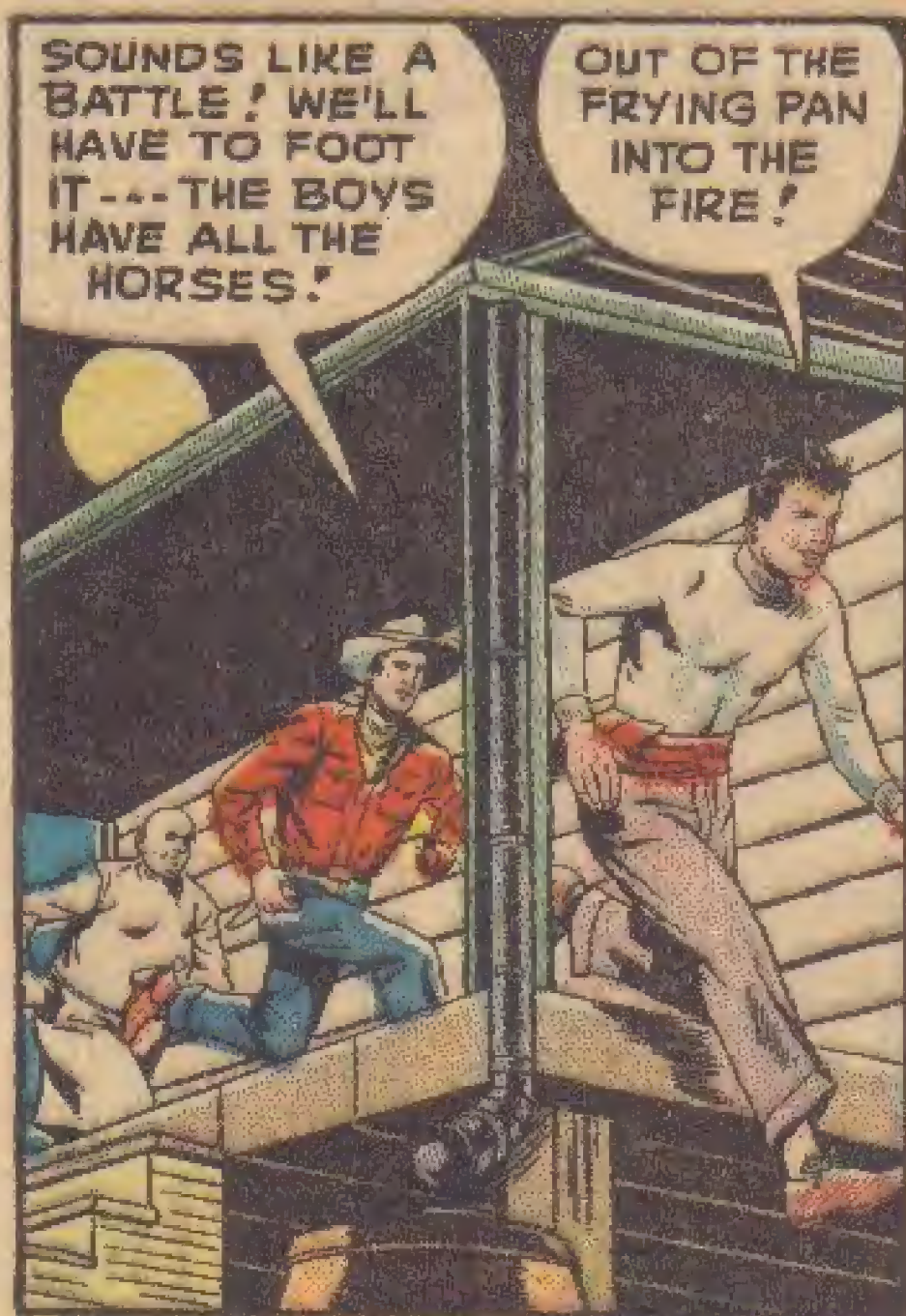
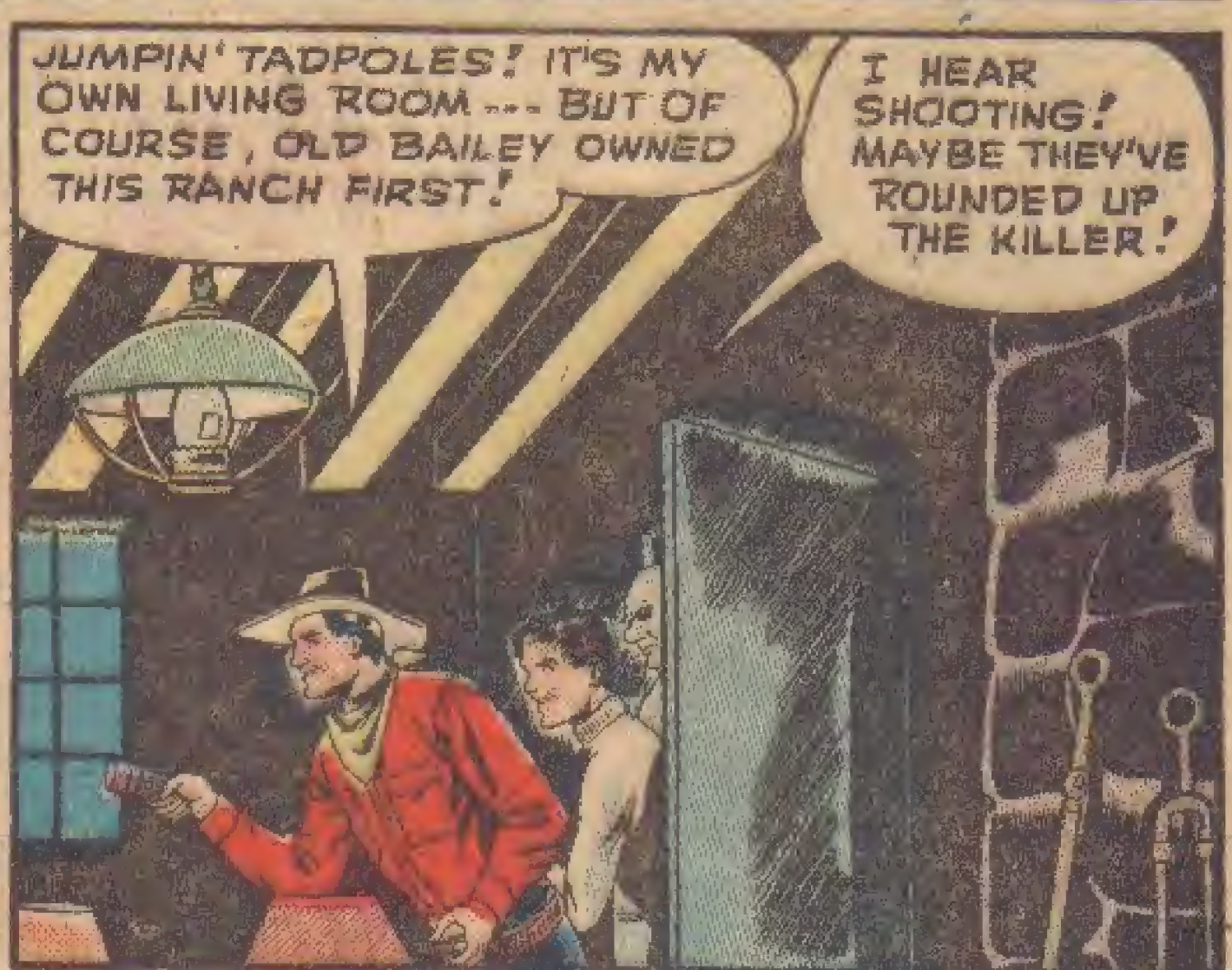
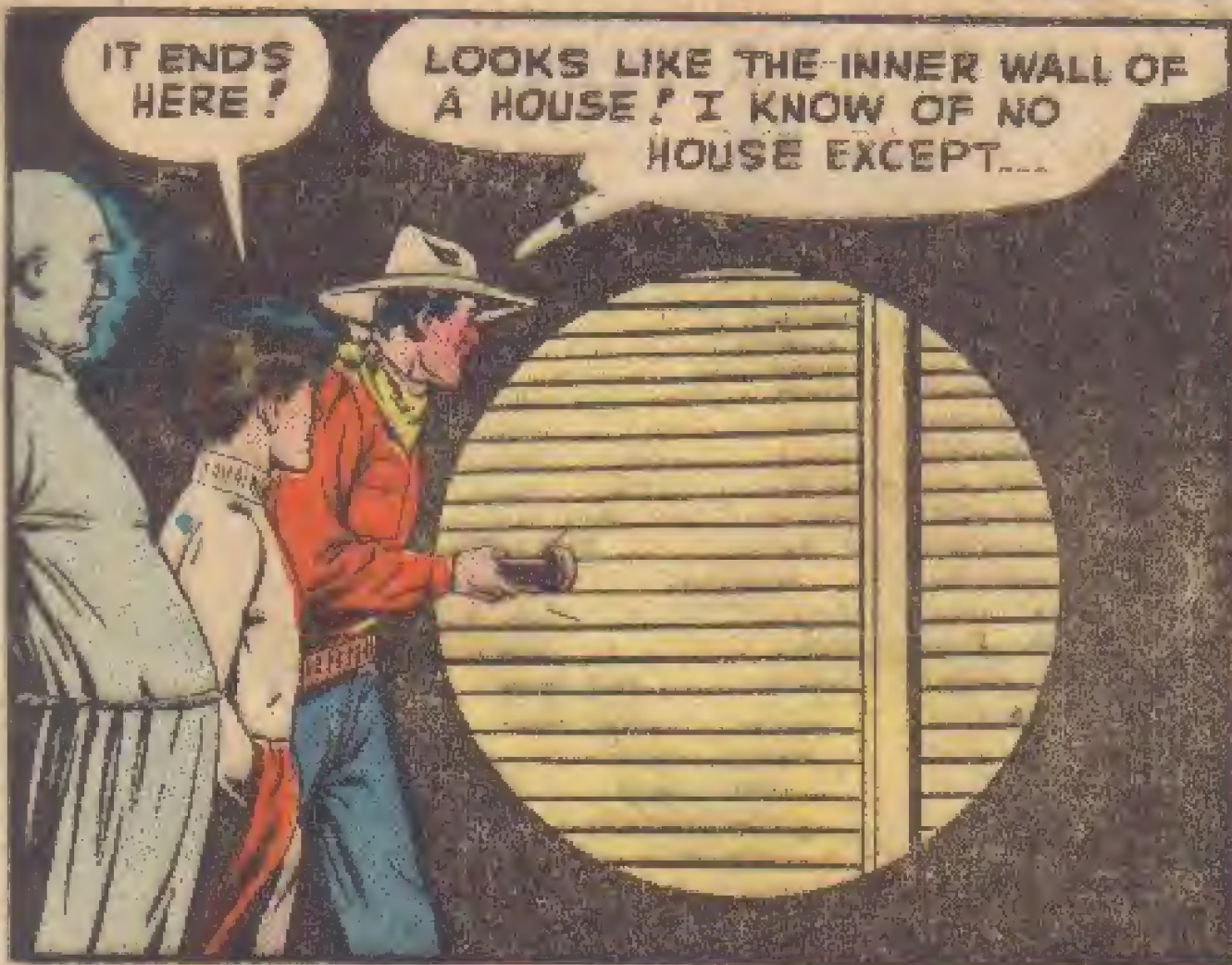
A STAIRWAY! MAYBE IT LEADS OUTSIDE!

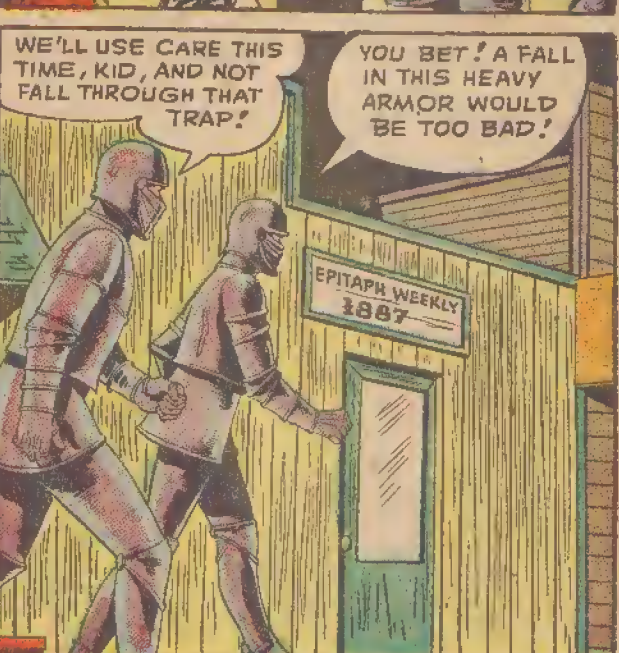
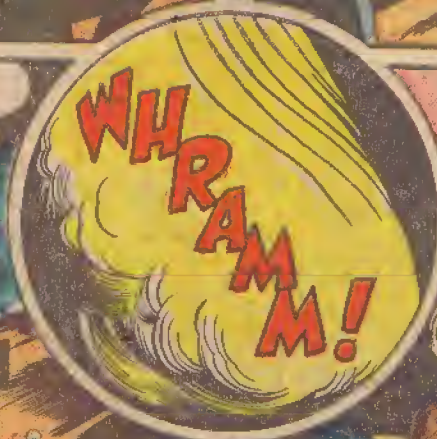
I HOPE SO, KID! I DON'T LIKE THESE DARK OLD MINE SHAFTS!



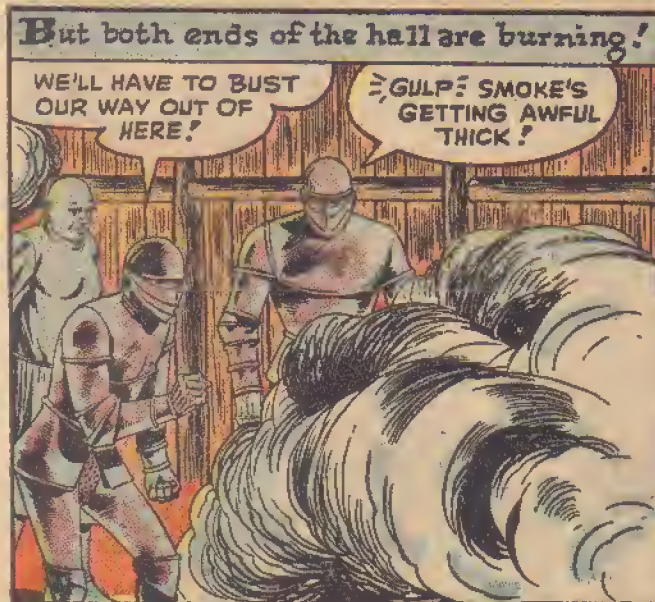
IT HASN'T BEEN USED IN YEARS! JUST A FOOT DEEP!

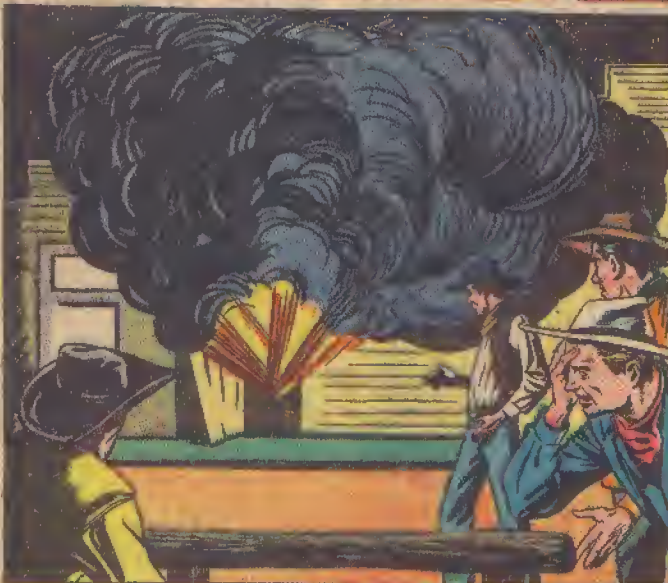
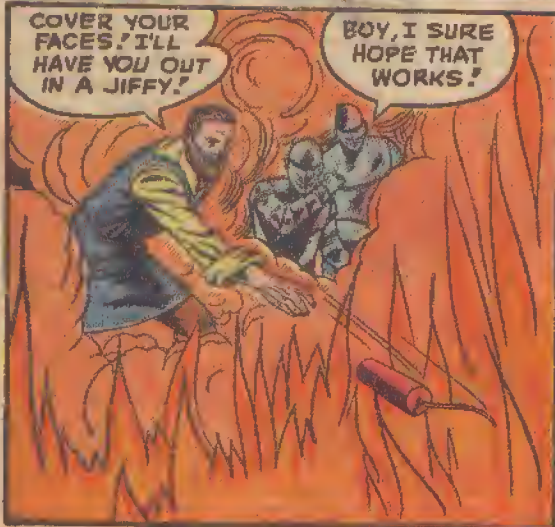
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE IT GOES!





HIT COMICS

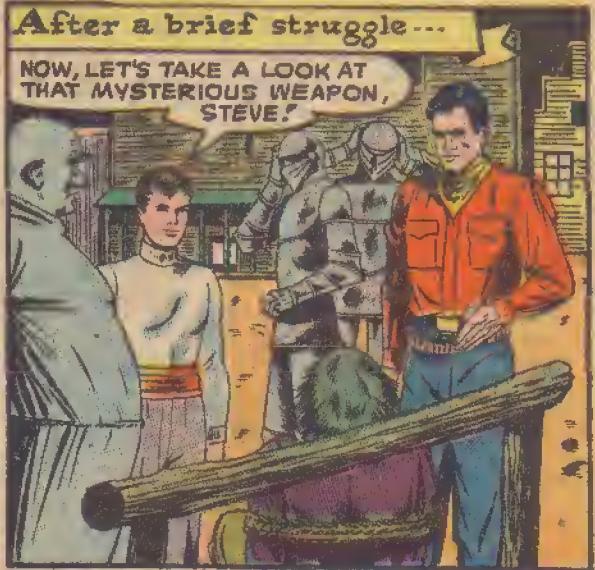






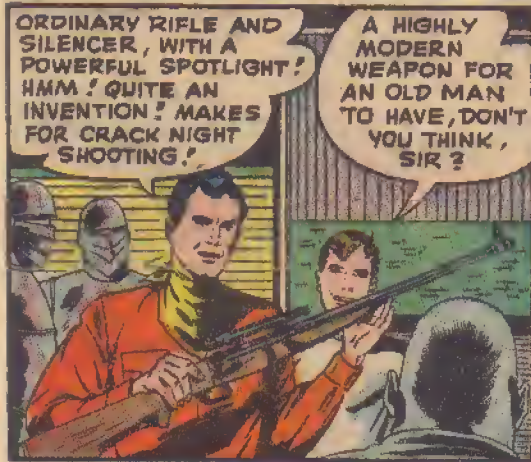
NO YOU DON'T,
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

NAIL
HIM,
SIR!



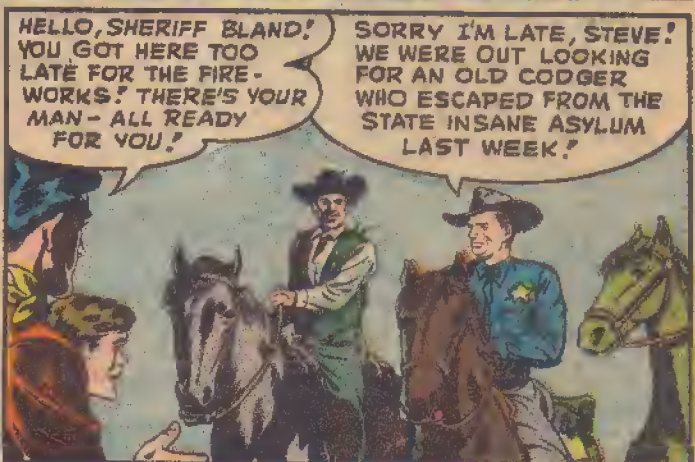
After a brief struggle---

NOW, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT
THAT MYSTERIOUS WEAPON,
STEVE!



ORDINARY RIFLE AND
SILENCER, WITH A
POWERFUL SPOTLIGHT!
HMM! QUITE AN
INVENTION! MAKES
FOR CRACK NIGHT
SHOOTING!

A HIGHLY
MODERN
WEAPON FOR
AN OLD MAN
TO HAVE, DON'T
YOU THINK,
SIR?



HELLO, SHERIFF BLAND!
YOU GOT HERE TOO
LATE FOR THE FIRE-
WORKS! THERE'S YOUR
MAN - ALL READY
FOR YOU!

SORRY I'M LATE, STEVE!
WE WERE OUT LOOKING
FOR AN OLD CODGER
WHO ESCAPED FROM THE
STATE INSANE ASYLUM
LAST WEEK!



HOLY COW,
MAN! THAT'S
OLD BAILEY,
THE FELLOW
WE'RE
LOOKIN' FOR!
SO HE'S
YOUR GHOST-
TOWN-
KILLER!

SO THAT'S
WHERE BAILEY
HAS BEEN
ALL THESE
YEARS! BUT
HOLD ON,
SHERIFF! IF
HE'S INSANE,
HE CAN'T BE
HELD FOR
ANY CRIME!



THAT BEIN' THE
CASE, I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT,
STEVE! WELL,
WE'LL JUST TAKE
HIM BACK TO
THE ASYLUM!

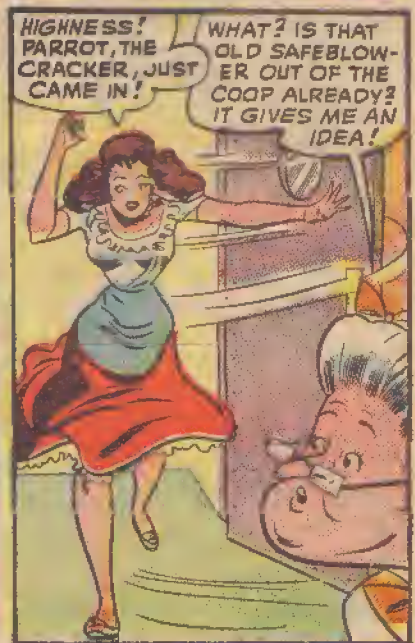
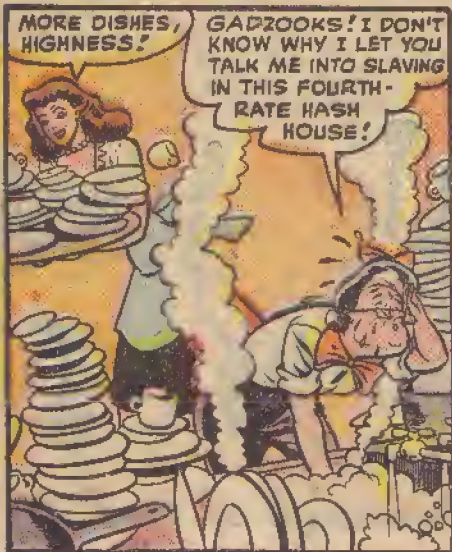
WHERE
DID HE GET
THIS
TRICK
RIFLE,
SHERIFF?

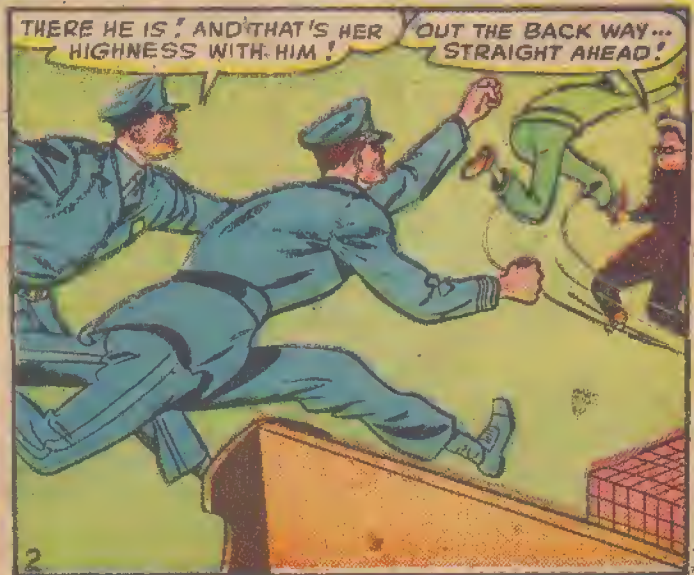
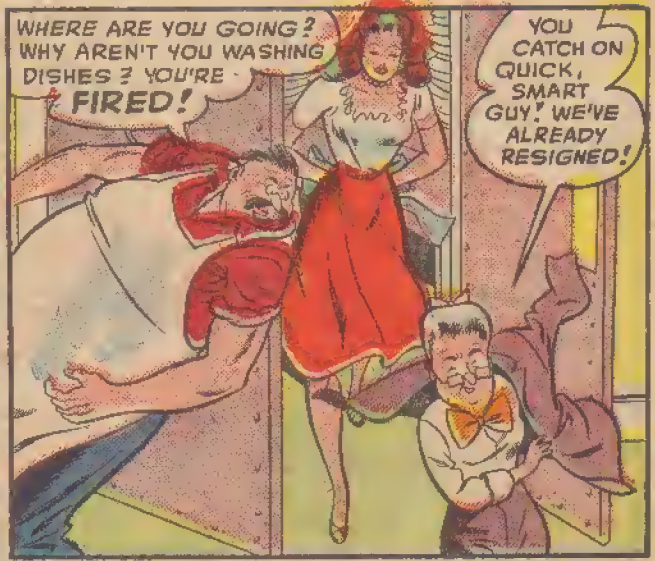
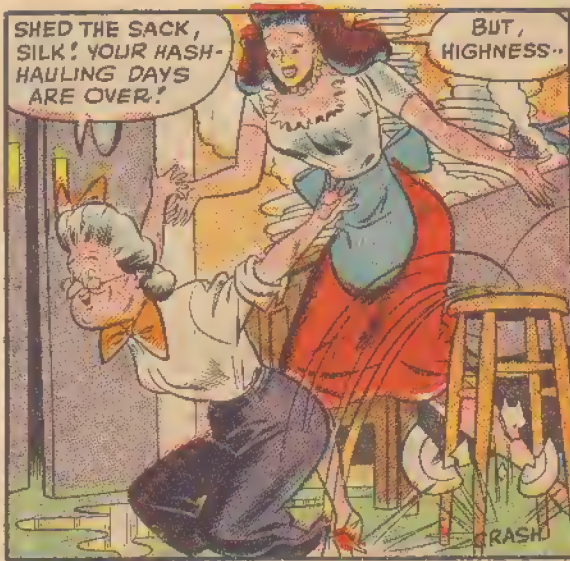


SAY, NOW! THAT
ASYLUM DIRECTOR
INVENTED THIS
THING! IT WAS
STOLEN THE SAME
TIME BAILEY
ESCAPED!

WELL, MR.
KEEPER,
OUR WORK
IS DONE!
LET'S TAKE
THE CRU-
SADERS
BACK TO

ETERNITY!







A few minutes later...

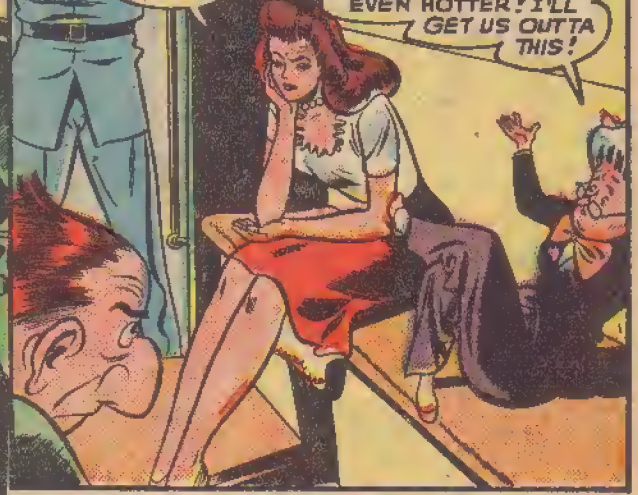
PRETTY GOOD HAUL, MAC!
TWO BANK ROBBERS AND
AN ESCAPED CON!

SO THAT'S IT!
PARROT FLEW
THE COOP!



WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN!
YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT
IDEAS!

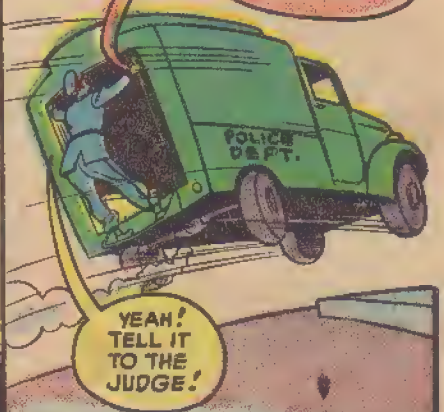
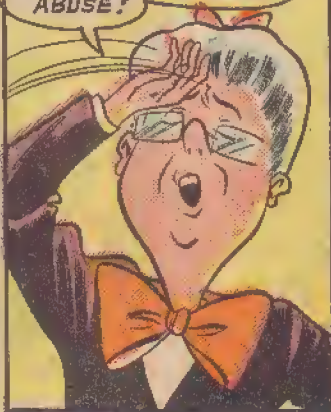
YOICKS, SILK! HOW WAS
I TO KNOW PARROT WAS
HOT AND THE DOUGH
EVEN HOTTER! I'LL
GET US OUTTA
THIS!



I DEMAND JUSTICE! WHAT
CHANCE HAS A GIRL TO GO
STRAIGHT WHEN YOU DON'T
PLAY FAIR?

HE PULLED THAT BANK
JOB! AND HE JUMPED
THE JUG! I LED HIM
RIGHT TO YOU, DIDN'T I?
AND WHAT DO I GET?
ABUSE!

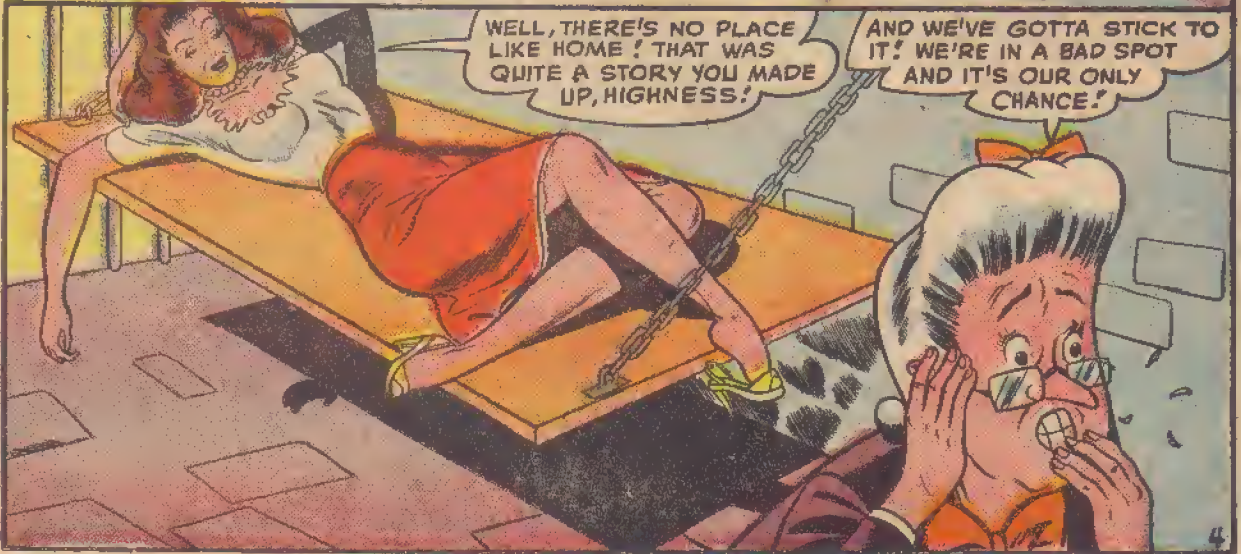
AND THE DOUGH! I GRABBED
THAT LETTUCE AWAY FROM HIM
AND WAS GONNA GIVE
IT TO YOU! I...

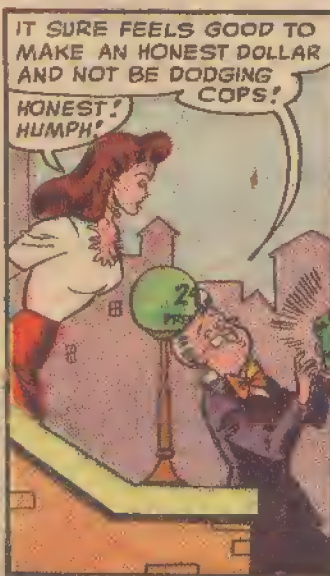
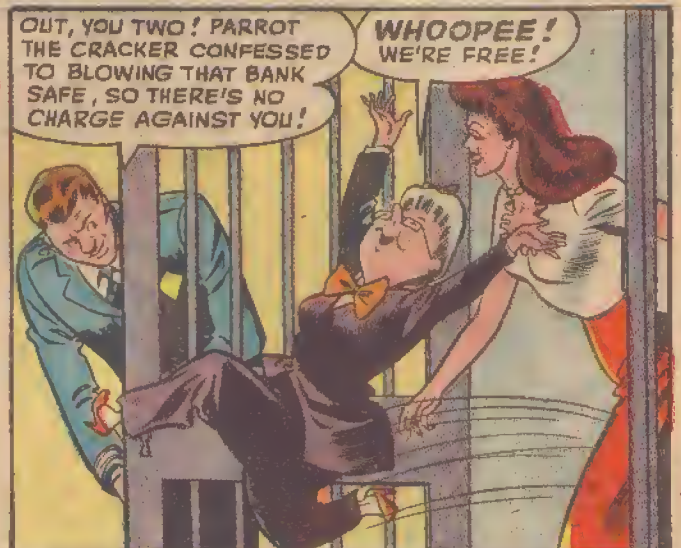
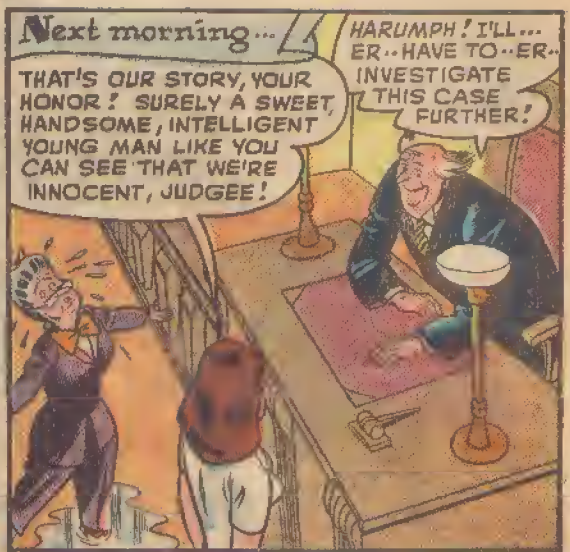
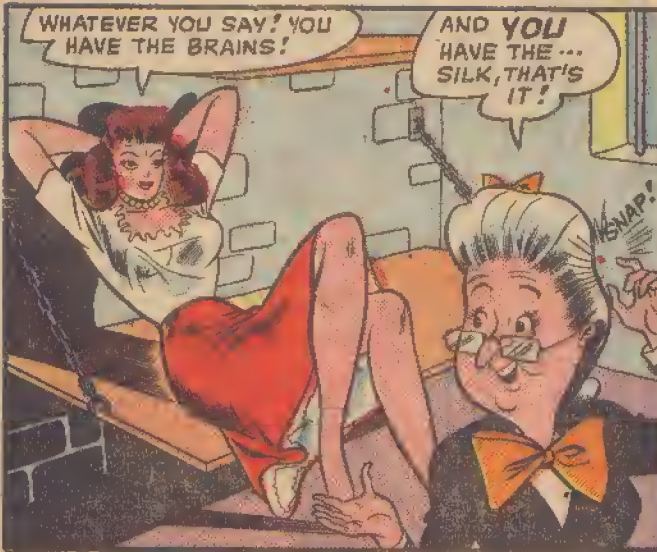


YEAH!
TELL IT
TO THE
JUDGE!

WELL, THERE'S NO PLACE
LIKE HOME! THAT WAS
QUITE A STORY YOU MADE
UP, HIGHNESS!

AND WE'VE GOTTA STICK TO
IT! WE'RE IN A BAD SPOT
AND IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE!





HIT COMICS

LAMMPIE



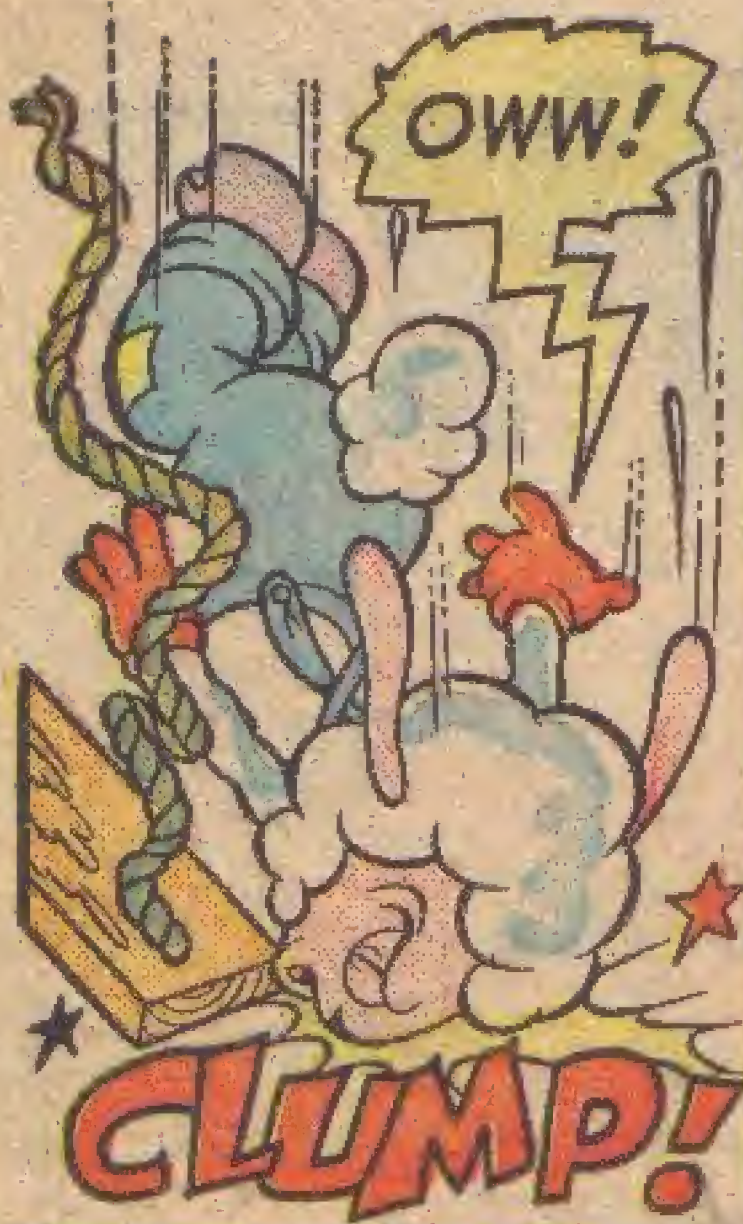
I WANT
TO GO OUT
AND PLAY,
MOMMY!

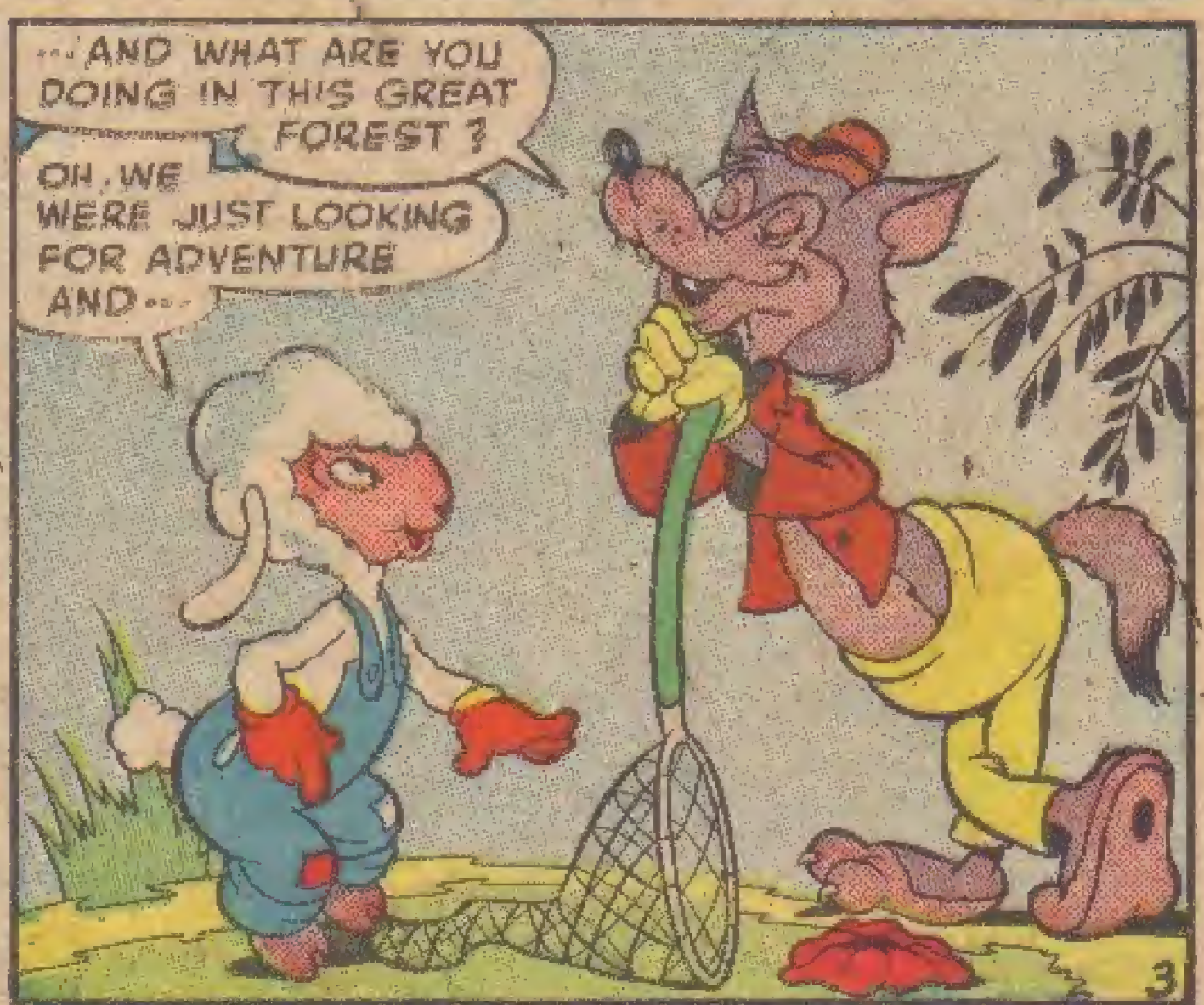
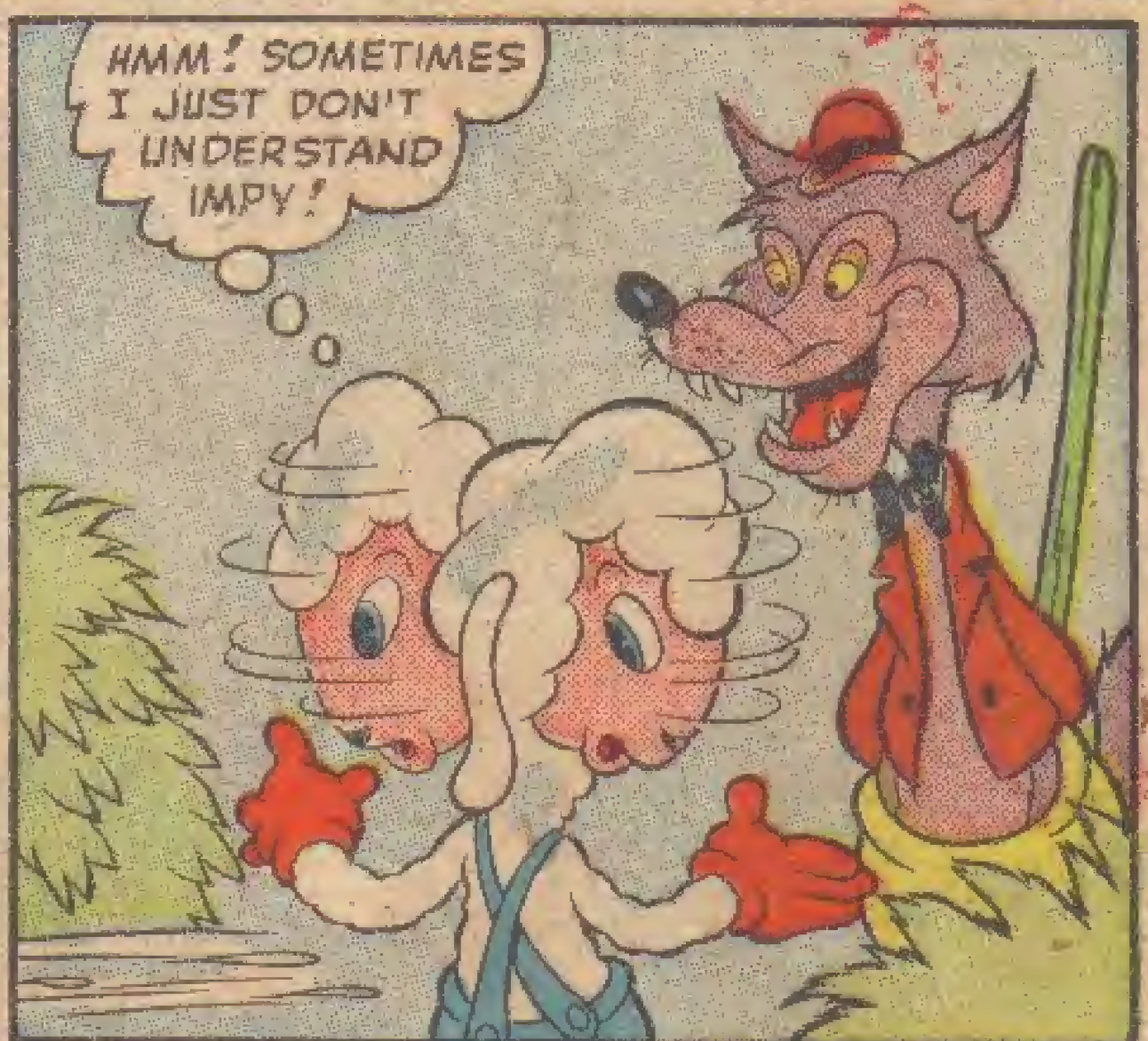
ALL RIGHT, LAMMPIE,
BUT STAY CLOSE TO
HOME! BE A GOOD
BOY AND YOU'LL GET
ICE CREAM!

REMEMBER, LAMMPIE, IF YOU
WANDER AWAY, YOU MIGHT GET
LOST AND THEN YOU'D HAVE
NO ICE CREAM!

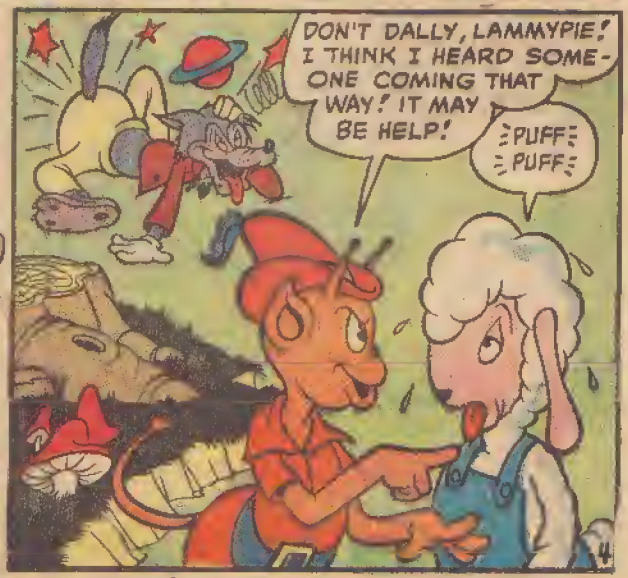
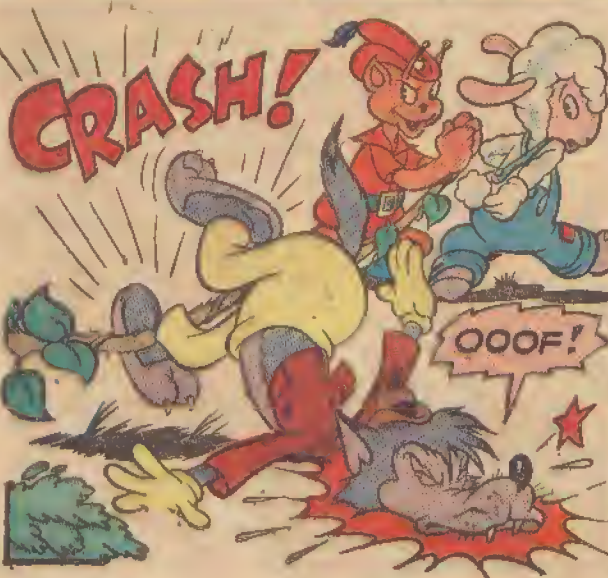
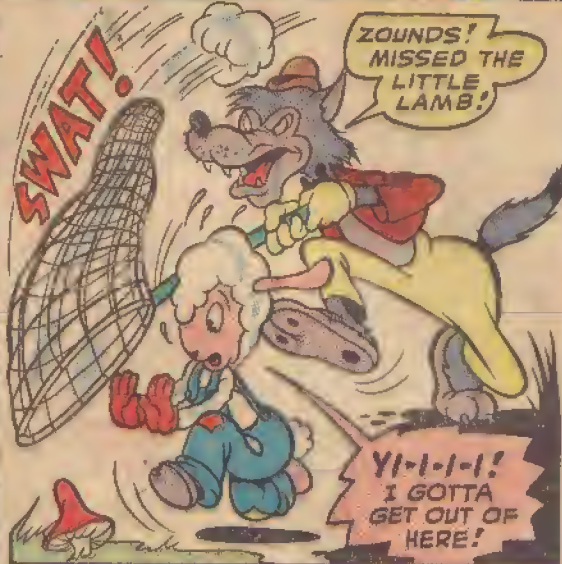
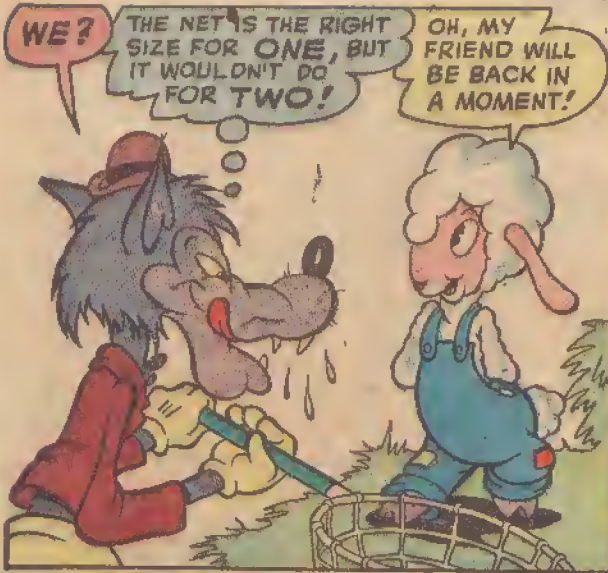
DON'T WORRY,
MOMMY! I'LL
STAY NEAR! OH,
BOY, ICE CREAM!

MARY HAD
A LITTLE
LAMB, LITTLE
LAMB...
YIIII!

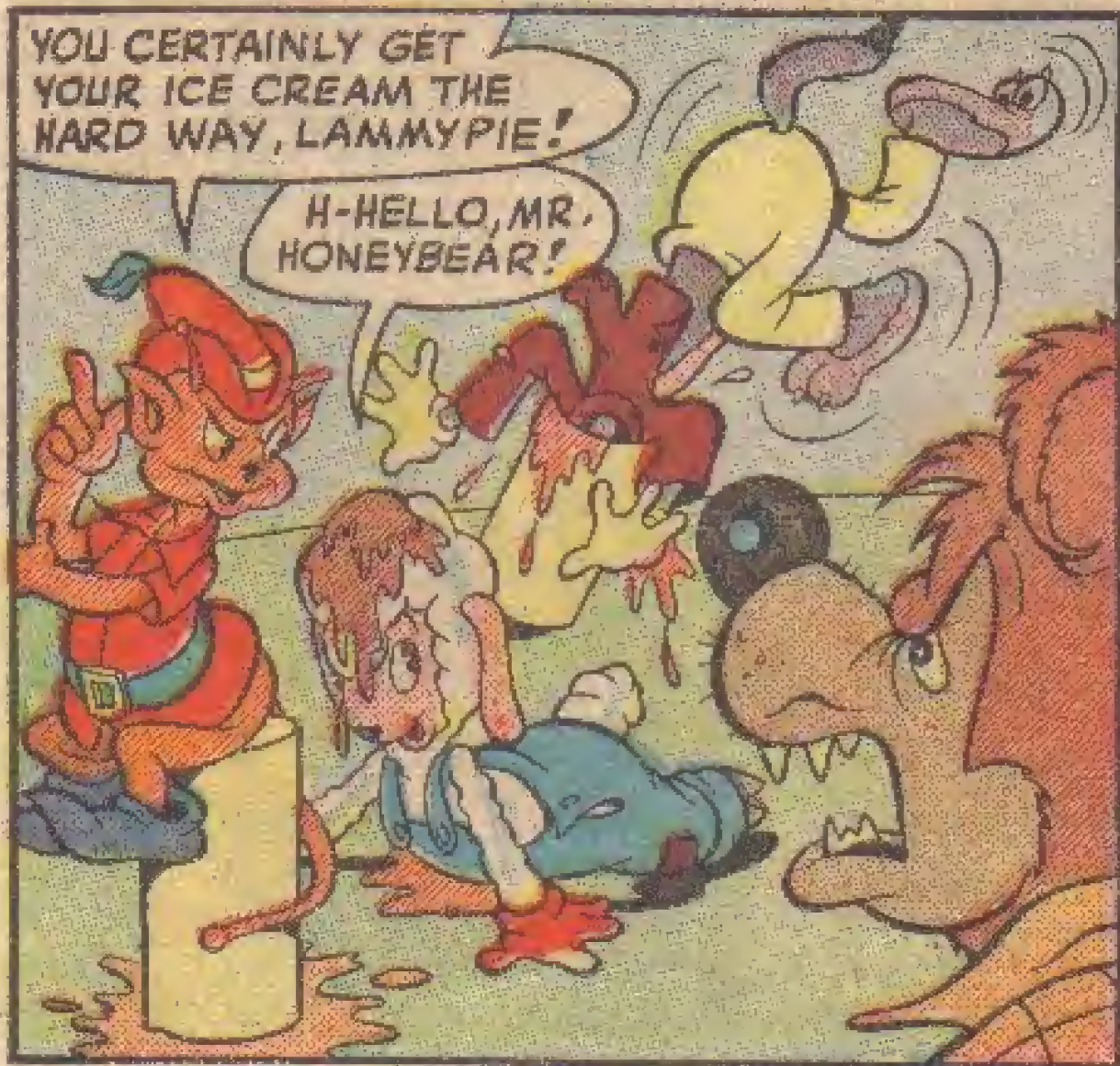
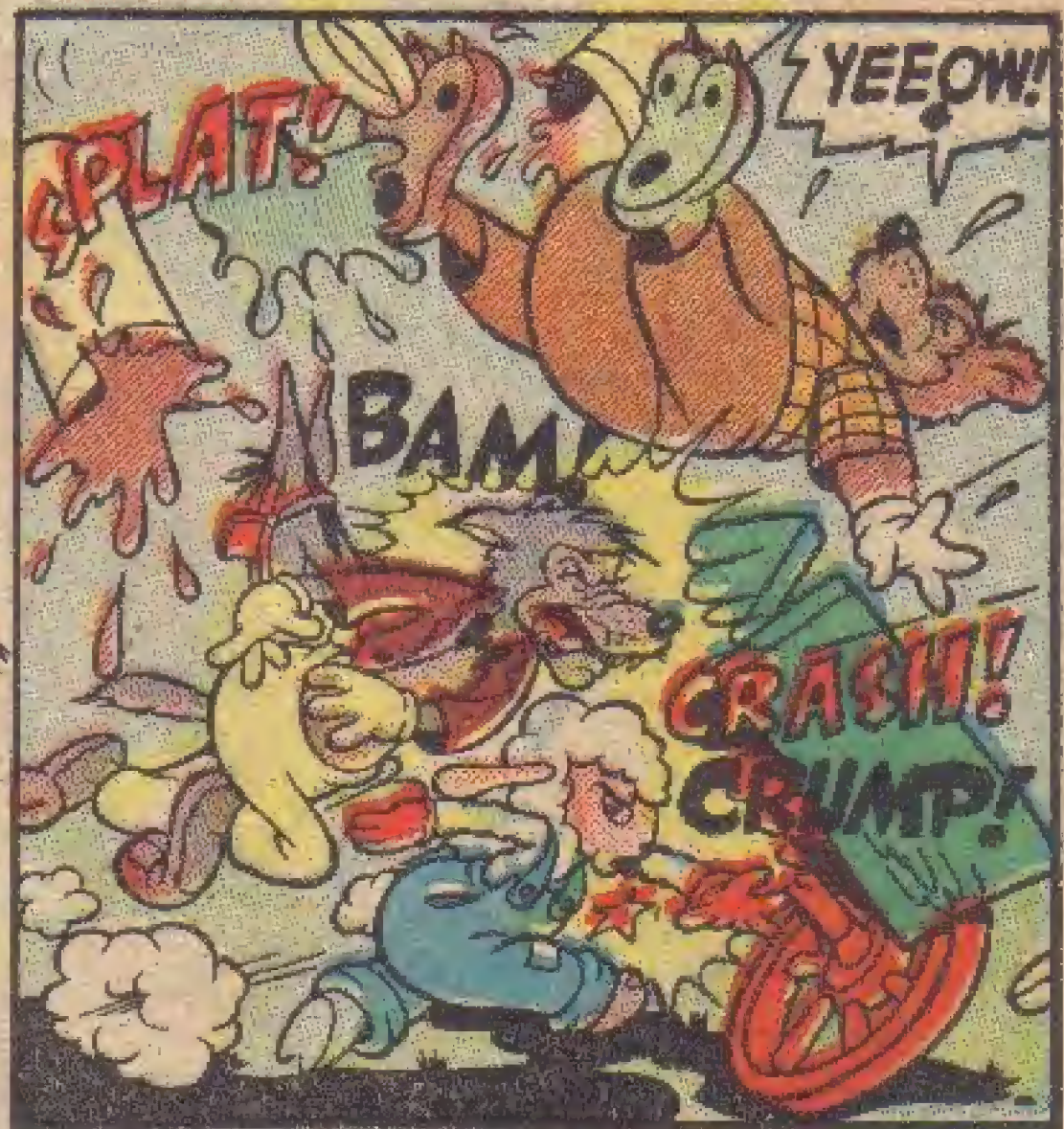
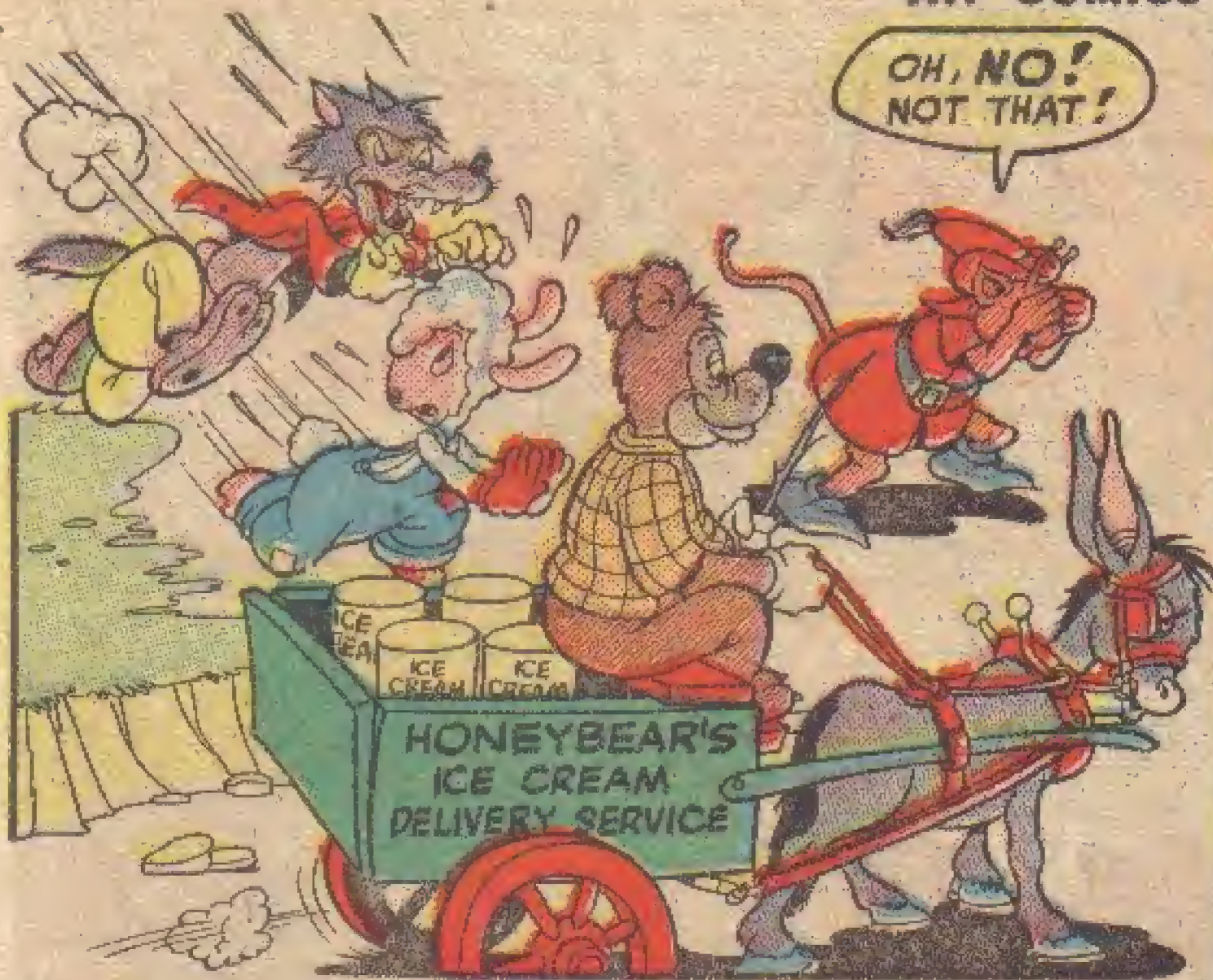




HIT COMICS



HIT COMICS



Betty BATES



BETTY BATES, beautiful young district attorney, solves the mystery of the **HEADLESS RED HORSE!**

WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE THIS EVENING, MISS BATES?

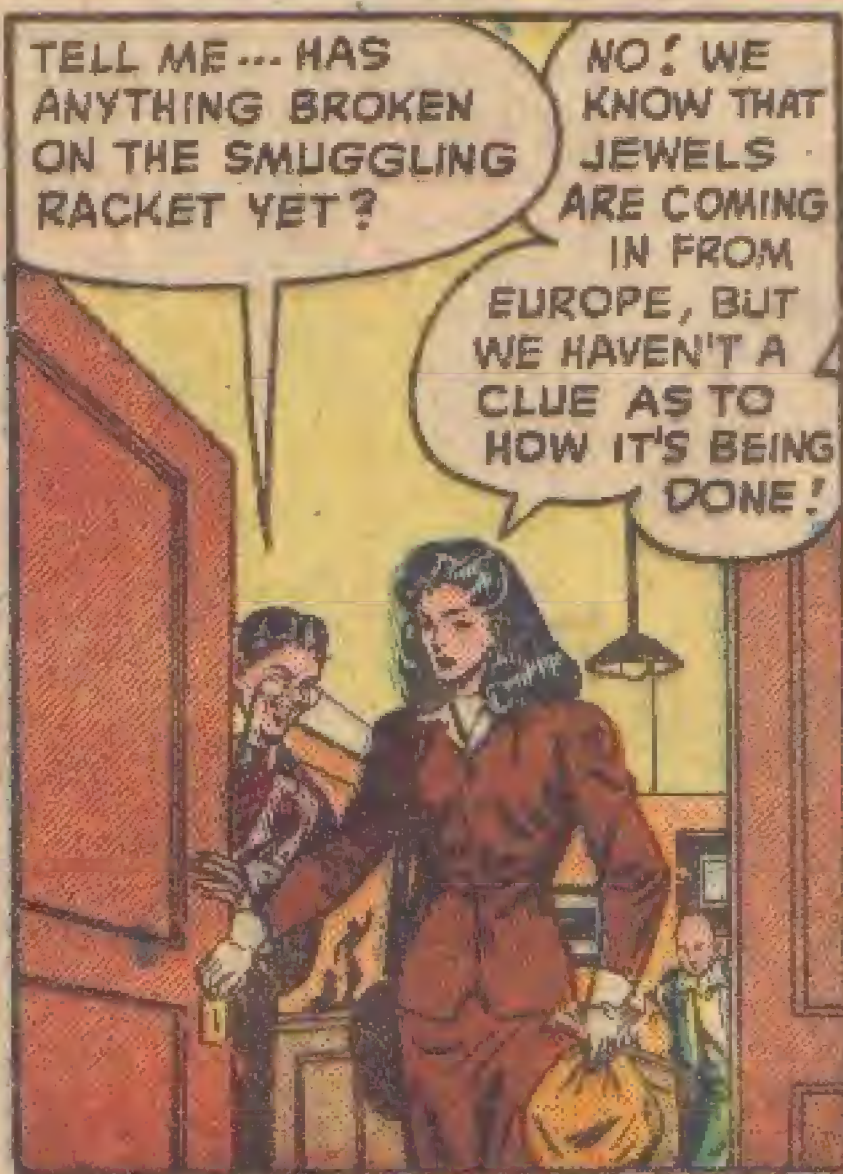
NO, THANK YOU, MR. MEEK!

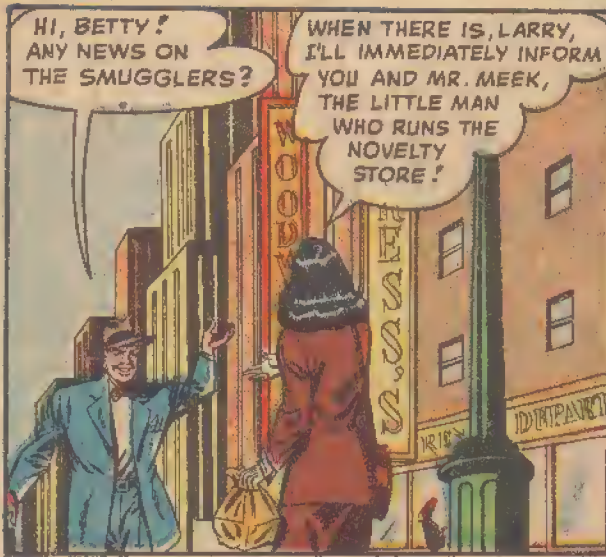
TELL ME... HAS ANYTHING BROKEN ON THE SMUGGLING RACKET YET?

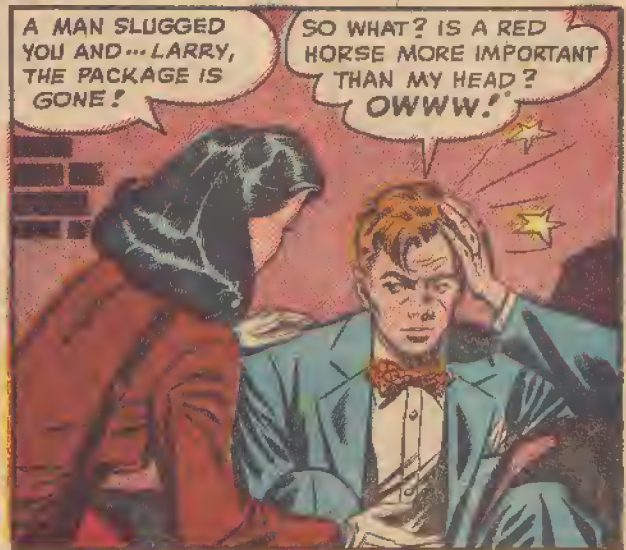
NO! WE KNOW THAT JEWELS ARE COMING IN FROM EUROPE, BUT WE HAVEN'T A CLUE AS TO HOW IT'S BEING DONE!

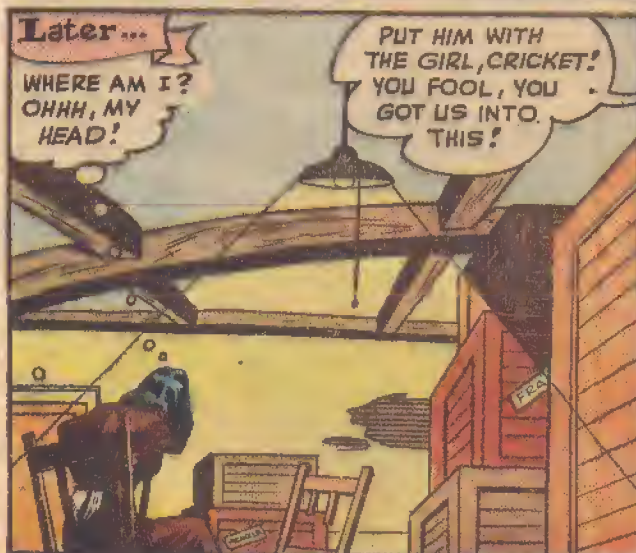
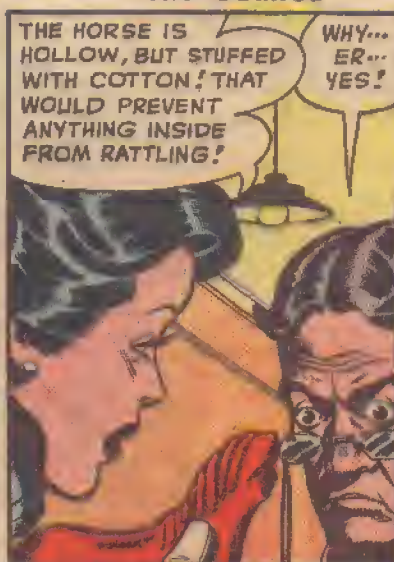
SH... SHE TOOK THE WRONG PACKAGE! SHE TOOK THE **RED HORSE!**

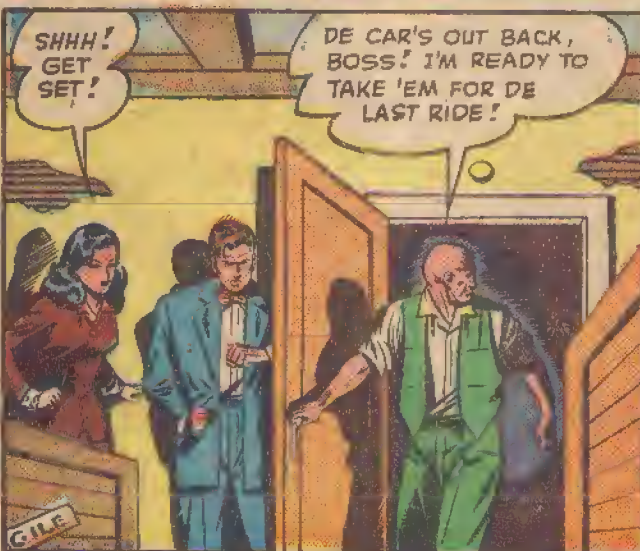
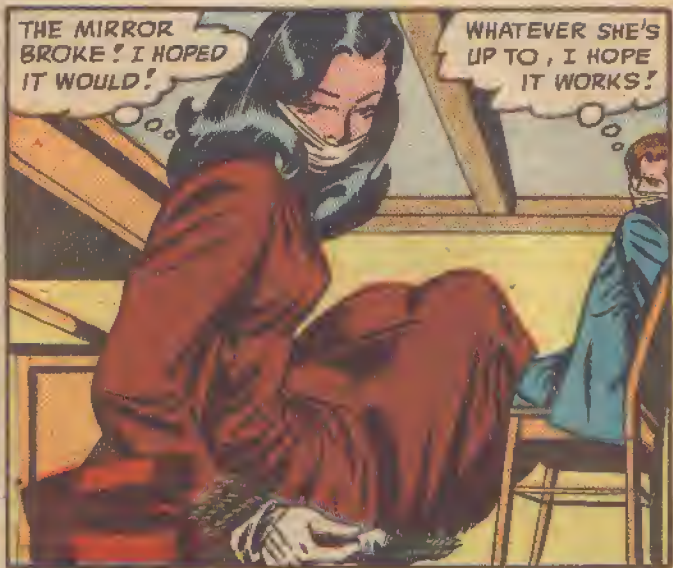
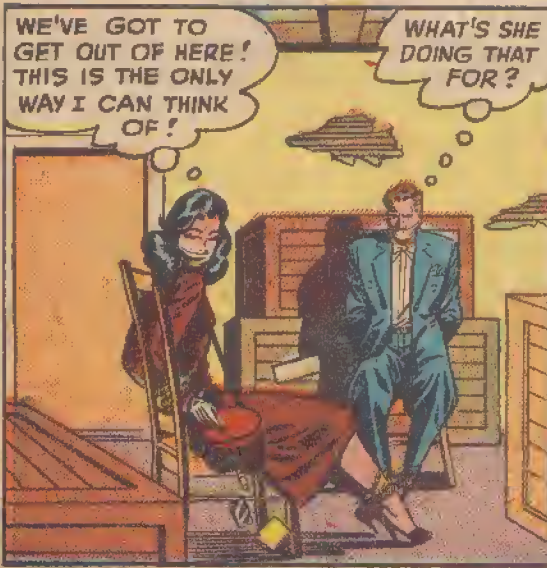
WHAT?

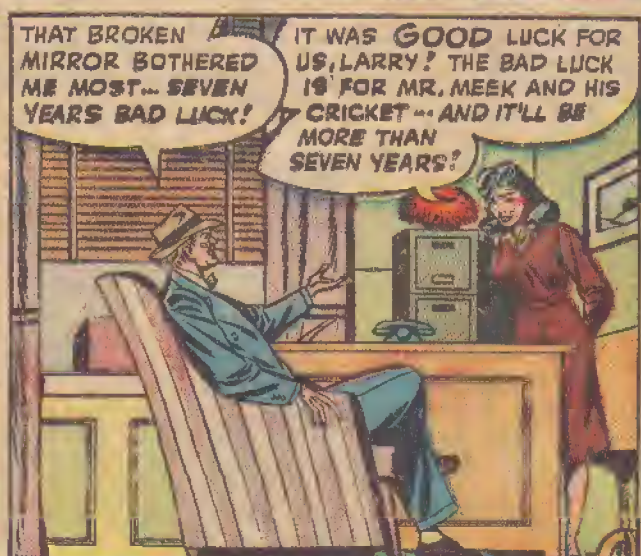












Sir Roger



WHOLLY CATS! NEVER IN ALL MY EARTHLY TRAVELS HAVE I HIT A CITY LIKE THIS! THE NERVE OF THEM, PUTTING A TAX ON WATER FOUNTAINS! I'LL DIE OF THIRST BEFORE I PUT A NICKEL IN THAT SLOT!



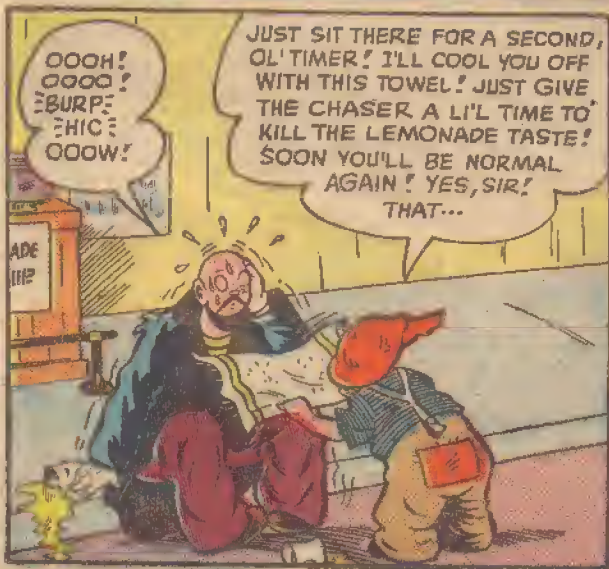
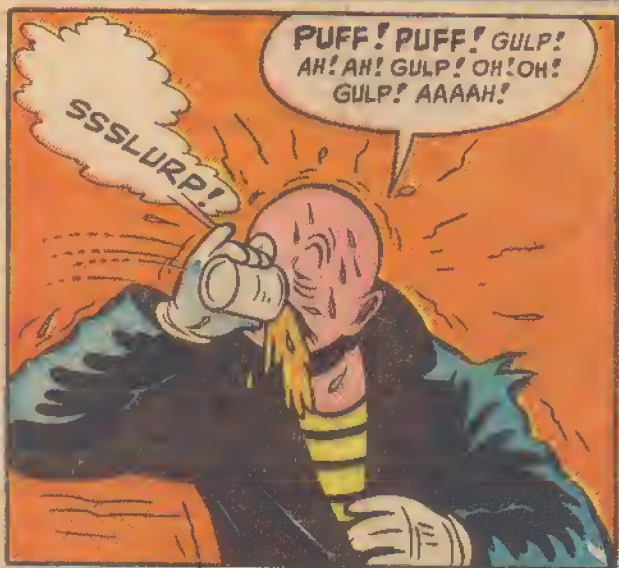
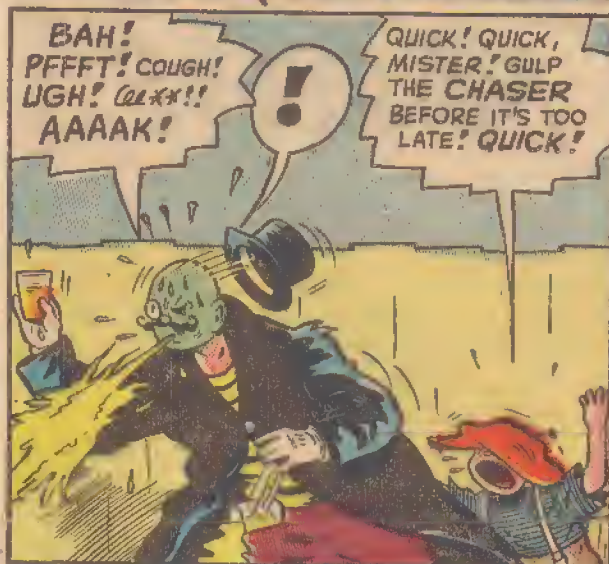
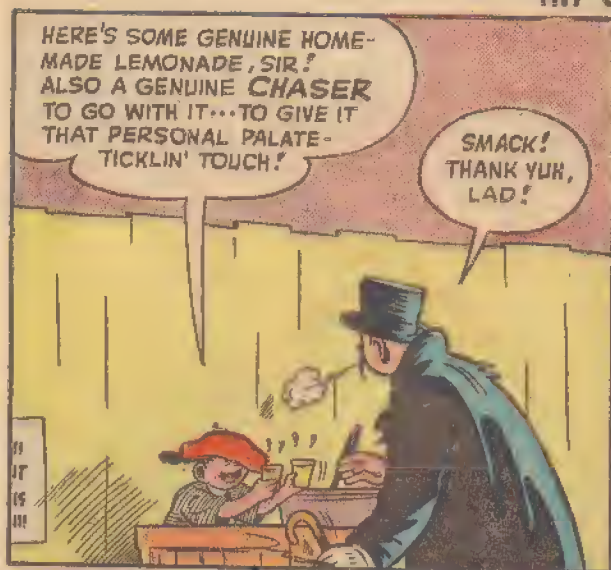
OH, BOY! ME PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED! HERE COMES A GENUINE CASH CUSTOMER! IF AT FIRST YA DON'T SUCCEED, SUCK LEMONS, IS WHAT I ALLUS SAY!

LEMONADE THAT'S OUT OF THIS WHIRL

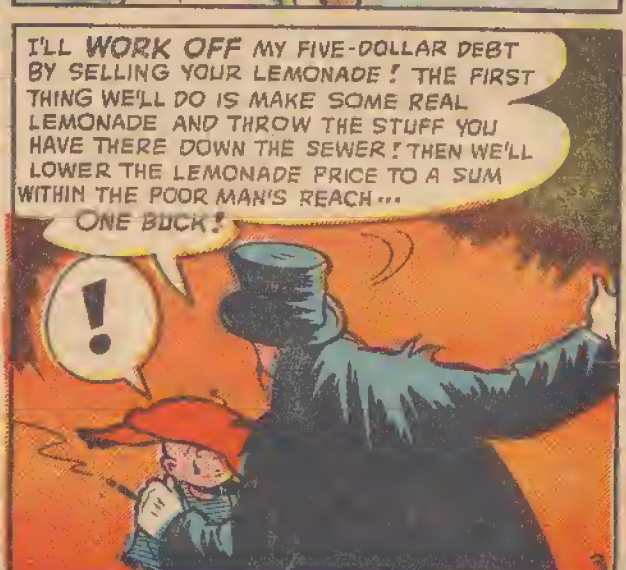
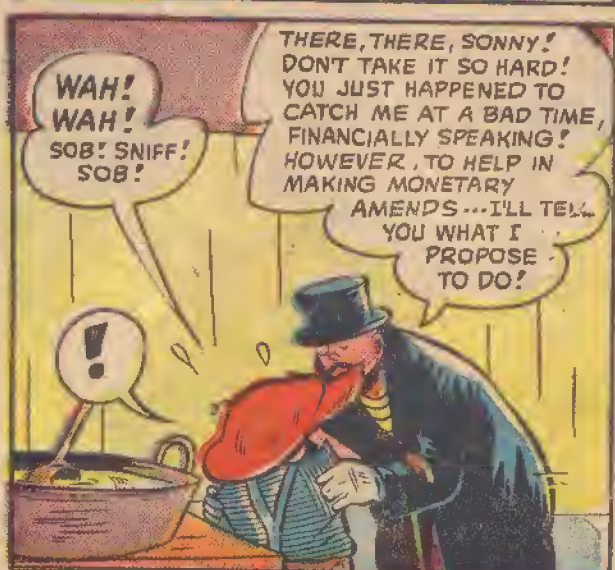
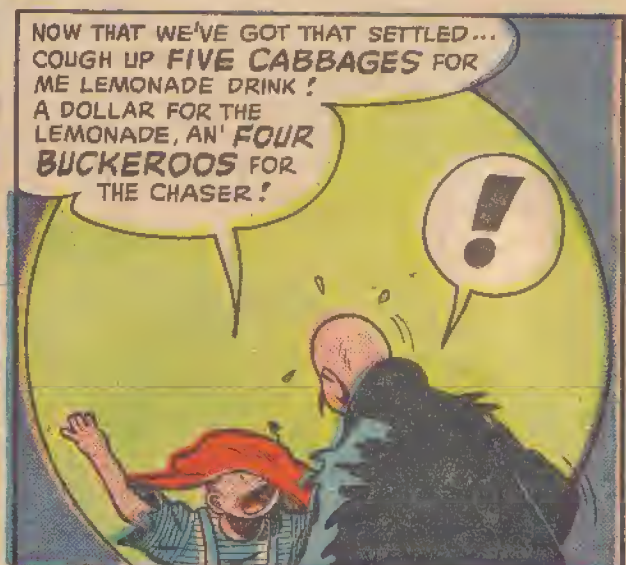
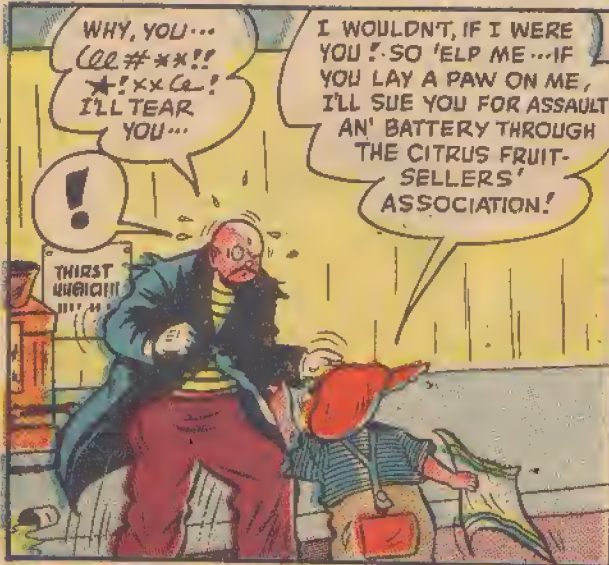
THIRST-QUENCHIN' LEMONADE

LEMONADE DIRT CHEAP





HIT COMICS



LISSEN, MISTER! YOU DON'T HAVE TO SUGGEST MAKIN' ANY NEW LEMONADE! I WASN'T BORN YESTIDDY, Y'KNOW! THE LEMONADE I HAVE IS PERFECT --- IT AIN'T FIT FER PIGS!



HUMPH! IF YOU KNEW YOUR PRODUCT WASN'T FIT FOR PIGS, WHY DID YOU PASS IT OFF ON ME?

DON'T GO GETTIN' YOUR ACID DISPOSITION ALL EXCITED! THAT'S EASY TO EXPLAIN... SINCE YOU'RE ASKIN'!



IT DON'T TAKE A FINANCIAL WIZARD TO FIGURE OUT THAT PIGS AIN'T GOT MONEY! BUT ME, WIT' ME EYE TOWARD BUSINESS EXPANSION, THOUGHT THAT YOU LOOKED PROSPEROUS! BESIDES THAT, YOU WERE SO THIRSTY YOUR TONGUE WAS HANGIN' OUT! AN' BESIDES EVERYTHING ELSE, I CAN'T MAKE REAL LEMONADE BECAUSE ---



MISTER ROCKY WOULDN'T LIKE IT!

MISTER ROCKY?

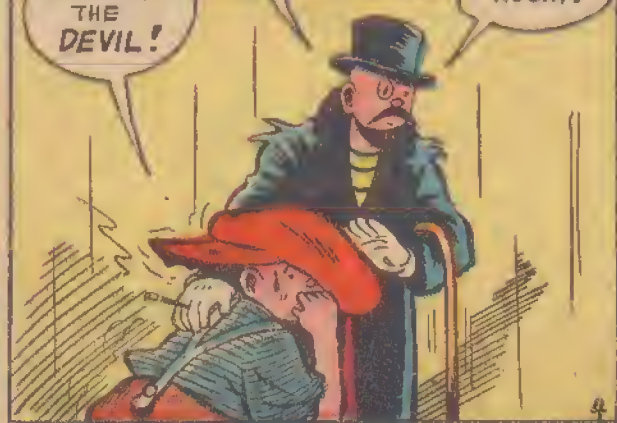


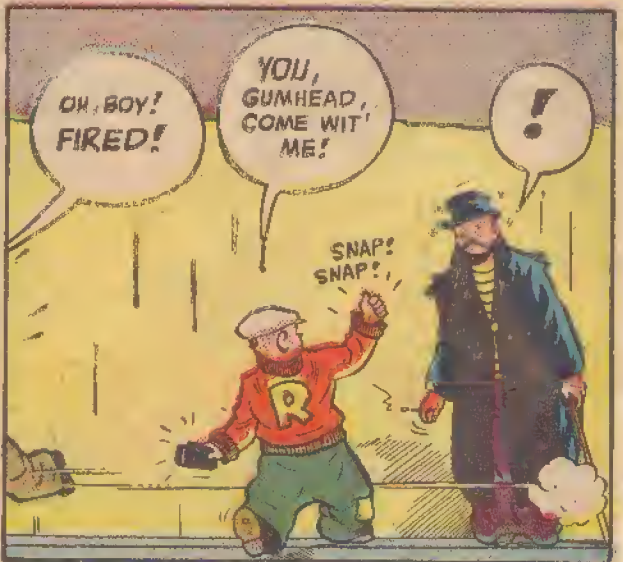
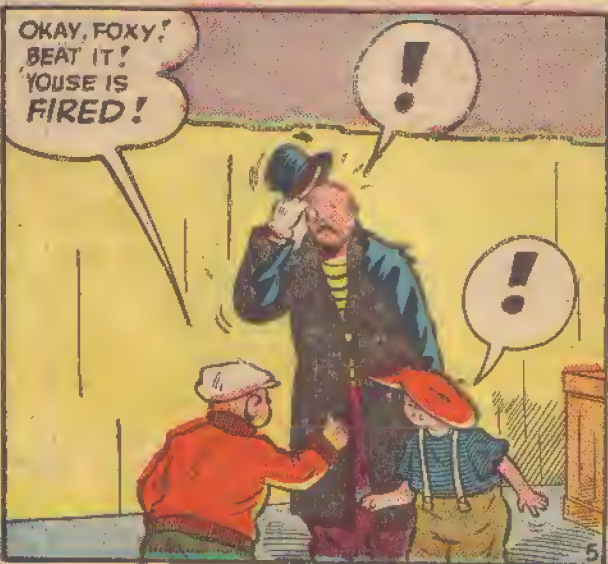
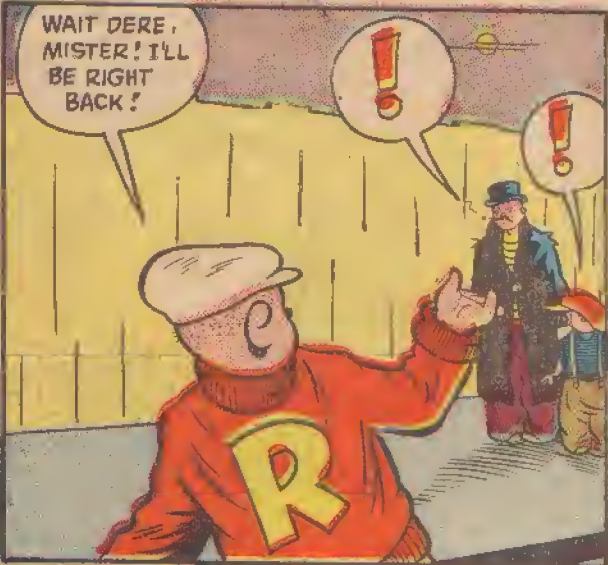
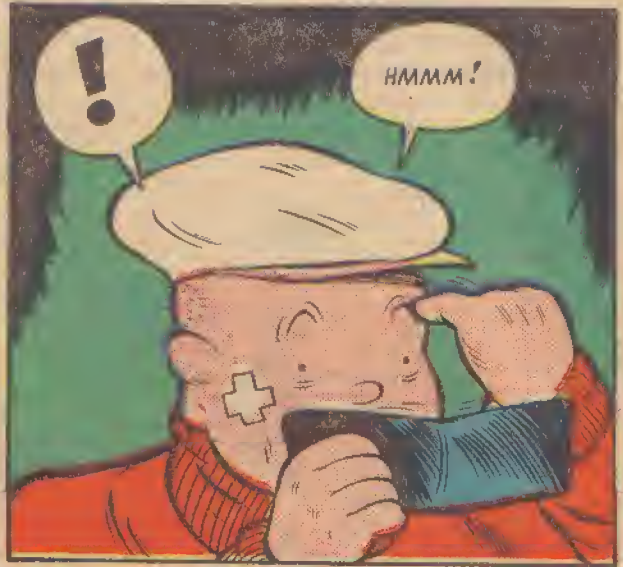
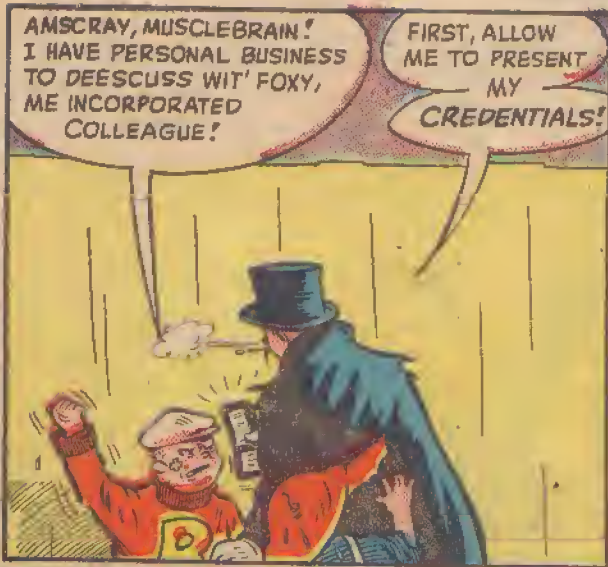
YEH, MISTER ROCKY! HE'S BACK IN THE LEMONADE BUSINESS, MUCH TO ME REGRET! I GOTTA SELL MISTER ROCKY'S LEMONADE ONLY, AND AT MISTER ROCKY'S PRICES, OR I GET ME BLOCK KNOCKED OFF!

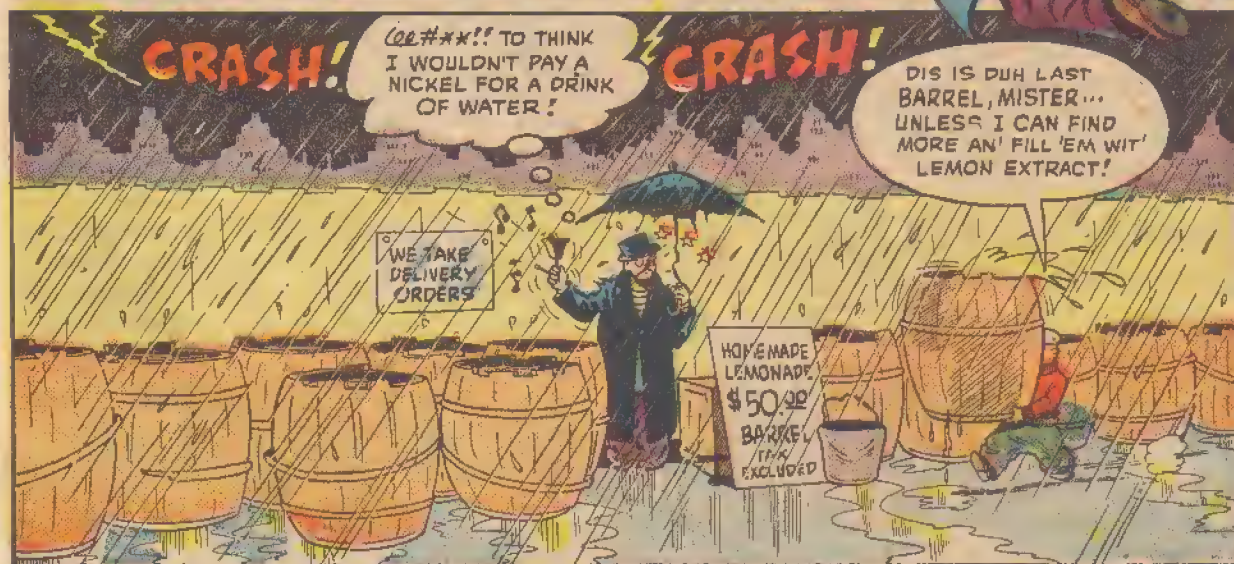
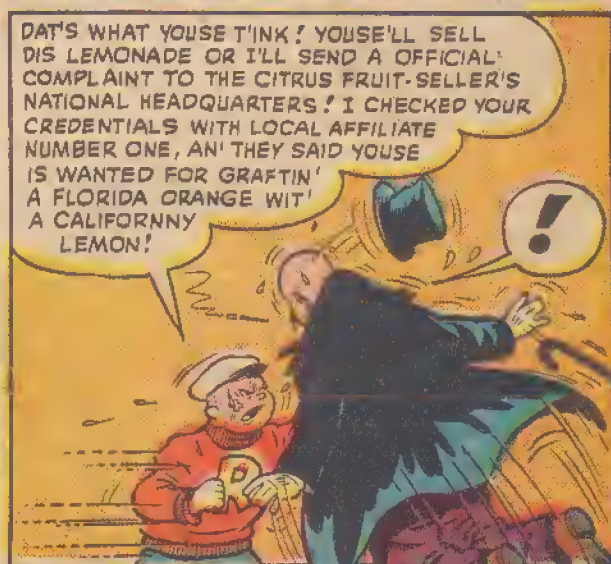
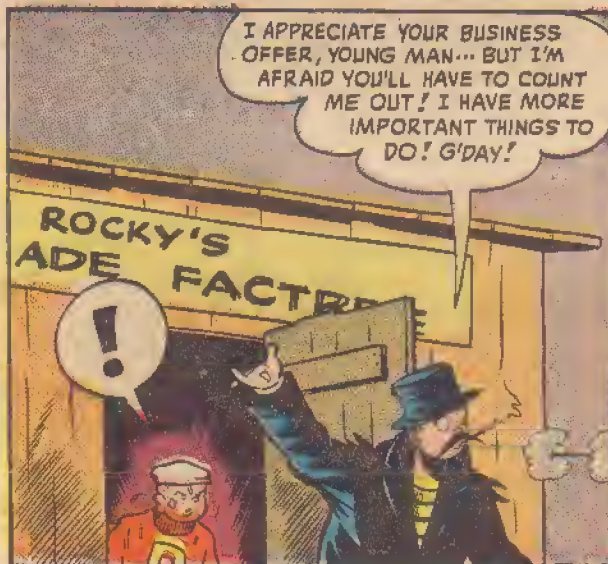
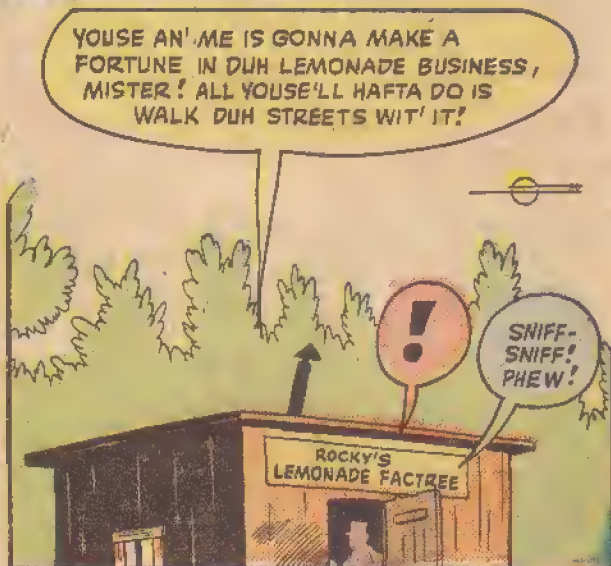
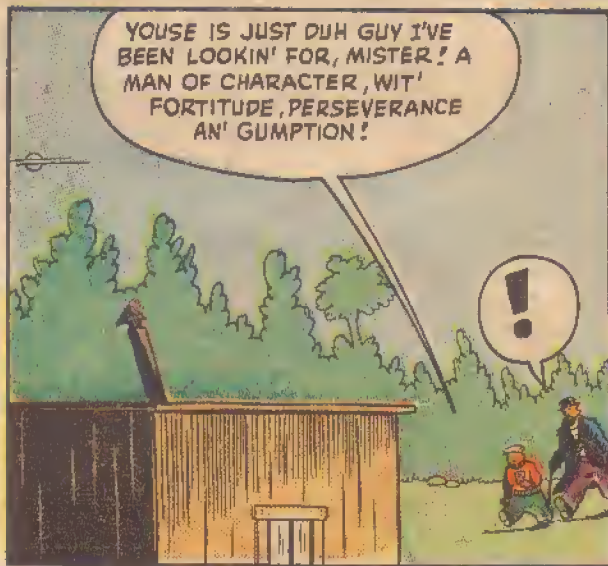


OH! OH! SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!

YOU JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME, LAD! I'LL HANDLE THIS SO-CALLED MISTER ROCKY!







BLOOD FEUD

LUD GONYER lived on hate. He had been raised on hate. His father and grandfather had lived on hate. It was all because of the Hayden family, who lived across the mountains.

Dutch Hayden, the last of the Hayden family, also lived on hate—hate of the Gonyer family. It had long been public knowledge that the two families would annihilate each other eventually. For years a mortal feud had existed between them. No one knew just how many members of the two clans had been killed in the rivalry.

One thing was certain. When Dutch Hayden died, all trace of the Haydens would be gone. Two Gonyers still lived—Lud and his younger brother, Cy.

The question was, who would finish off who?

One day Lud stood leaning on his rifle, the while keeping an eye on the winding mountain road. Along that road would ride, in all probability, Dutch Hayden. Just when he'd be along Lud didn't know; he only knew that Dutch had gone to town that morning to vote.

"The dirty low-down skunk," growled Lud to himself. Dutch had shot Lud's father. "I'll get him this time, or know the reason why!"

The sound of a galloping horse reached Lud and he tensed, lifting his rifle. The rider would be Dutch. The horse came out of the trees, going at top speed. The rider leaned low over the saddle. Lud drew a bead on the man and squeezed the hair-trigger. The recoil of the heavy rifle jarred Lud's shoulder.

The man on horseback jerked erect and then toppled out of the saddle. The horse kept on going.

Lud hurried down the bank and into the road. He went cautiously, ready for any move on the part of the fallen man. But the latter lay still.

Lud reached him and roughly turned him over so that his face was revealed. Then a coldness crept over the killer. The man was not Dutch!

"Great guns!" gasped Lud. "I shot the revenoor!"

Hastily glancing around, Lud dashed up the bank and into the woods. As he did so, another horse galloped down the road and slid to a halt. Lud watched Dutch leap from the saddle and kneel beside the dead man. And then a great idea blazed through his brain: Why not make Dutch the goat for this killing?

Lud straightened and stole through the woods. This was no time to carry out his plan of shooting Dutch. Dutch was worth far more alive.

In another part of the pine woods, Kid Eternity and Mr. Keeper stood silently, watching the antics of two circling buzzards.

"They are probably hovering over a dead cow or horse," Mr. Keeper said.

"Or something else, Keep. Remember the shot we heard. This is the heart of the feuding country."

Mr. Keeper said, "Humph!"

"Let's stroll over that way," said the Kid, indicating the buzzards. "We may find something interesting."

They found the slain revenue officer.

Kid Eternity examined the bullet hole in the man's chest. "Died instantly. Keep, we've got to find the murderer."

Mr. Keeper grimaced. "We might let the law take care of that, Kid."

"We will," the Kid assured his stout companion. "Only I'd like to look around a bit more in the feuding country. Come, let's get started."

Meanwhile, Lud hurried home, thinking deeply how he would throw the blame for the murder on Dutch. There was only one way, he figured—one way to escape the hangman's rope and thus kill two birds with one stone. . . .

Dutch Hayden reported the revenue officer's death to the county sheriff, who dispatched a deputy to interview the farmers in the neighborhood. Naturally, no one knew anything about the killing. Lud had a good story; he was home all day working on his crops. There was no one to substantiate or deny his statement.

The sheriff had no reason to believe that Lud or Dutch were the guilty persons; they were interested only in killing each other, not a Federal officer. Who had murdered the man?

That night Lud slung his rifle over his shoulder and rode across the hills. The next morning he dropped a hint to the sheriff. The sheriff called in the coroner.

"Mr. Sipes," he said, "I want you to dig that bullet out of the body."

The coroner hesitated, then nodded and went out.

The official inquest was held at noon. The small courtroom was packed. Inspired by Lud

HIT COMICS

Gonyer's suggestion, the sheriff conducted the investigation the way he thought a "big city" inquest would be held.

"We have here three rifles of the same make," he said. "As exhibit A we have the bullet that killed the revenoor." He held up the slug. "This bullet might have been fired by one of these rifles. It'll fit anyone of 'em, and they all belong to folks livin' near where the body was found."

There was a bit of mumbling in the courtroom.

"There is just one way to tell whether any of these rifles fired the bullet," the sheriff went on. "And that's to fire each of 'em and examine the bullet for comparison."

Somebody asked how the test would be handled.

"Luke Judson here has brought in a cow that died this morning," said the sheriff. "We'll fire into her carcass; it'll be about like a man's."

The unique shoot was held a few minutes later in the courtyard. The participants were the owners of the three rifles, Ace Hodgins, Dutch Hayden and Lud Gonyer.

Ace fired, then Lud. Dutch hesitated a moment before firing. No one noticed the pause except Lud.

After each of the first two shots, the bullet was dug out of the cow's body and examined minutely with a magnifying glass by the sheriff. He compared both slugs with the one that had killed the officer. Then he shook his head. The murderer's gun had not spoken.

Dutch fired. His bullet was removed and handed to the sheriff. He spent much longer examining this slug. At last he said to Dutch:

"I arrest you, Dutch Hayden, for the murder of James Brooks, Federal revenue officer. . . . Take him, men."

Two deputies moved in. Dutch just stood, looking blank. The crowd stared, stunned by the shock.

Two interested spectators to this drama kept in the background. They were Kid Eternity and Mr. Keeper. Of course, they were invisible.

The Kid said, "Mr. Keeper, there's something queer about this inquest. Did you notice how Dutch acted when he picked up his rifle?"

"Maybe he disliked to fire, knowing what the bullet would reveal." Mr. Keeper cleared his throat. "I would, if I knew the evidence would put a rope around my neck."

"I don't think he's guilty," said the Kid. "And I mean to find out . . . ETERNITY!"

A figure prominent in the last century suddenly appeared before the astonished crowd.

"Bertillon!" cried Kid Eternity. "I've summoned you to help settle an argument, mostly in my own mind."

"Splendid, Kid Eternity! If it has to do with fingerprints I'm at your service."

"First," said the Kid, "I'll become visible so I may explain the case to these people . . . Eternity!"

Instantly the youthful Kid Eternity assumed worldly contours, and the crowd gaped again. The Kid spoke:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have reason to believe that Dutch is being framed for a crime he didn't commit. I've asked a famous fingerprint expert to examine both his and Lud's rifle for additional evidence." He turned to Bertillon. "Take over, sir."

Bertillon picked up Lud's rifle—the one he had used in the test shoot. The crime expert made some tests with white powder, then used a magnifying glass. He next tried Dutch's gun.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "if you'll permit, I'll take your fingerprints." He pulled an ink pad from his coat pocket.

This time Dutch didn't hesitate, but Lud hung back for a fraction of a second. Kid Eternity saw the pause.

When Bertillon had completed his tests, he said, "Well, the gun Dutch used belongs to Lud, and Lud's is owned by Dutch. The rifles have been switched, but the men handled the weapons only briefly during the tests. Each still bears enough earlier fingerprints to establish its owner conclusively.

"It was a clever switch I'd say," Bertillon continued, "since the rifling in the gun used by Dutch links him definitely with the murder. However, your man stands there!" His long finger pointed at Lud.

Lud cursed and ranted, but two deputies hung on to his arms.

The sheriff shook hands with Kid Eternity and Bertillon.

"I dunno who you fellers are, but you sure did a bang-up job spottin' this criminal. I kinda suspected him myself, since I figgered he might have mistook the revenue feller for Dutch. They's a feud between 'em, you know."

The Kid nodded. "Yes, so I've heard. And the only way to end a blood feud is to remove one of the feuding parties so that he can't get the drop on his enemy. Lud should get a long enough stretch in prison to cool him off."

Bertillon interrupted. "Well, Kid Eternity," he said, "if you are finished with me I'll be going back."

The Kid grinned. "WE'll go with you, Bertillon. We've finished our job in this neck of the woods."

Bob and Swab



I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE BILGE-BRAINED IDIOT WHO SAID A SAILOR'S GOT A GAL IN EVERY PORT!

WOTTA RUMOR!

"Join the navy and see the world!" That's what the poster said, so Bob Masters, marine, and Swab Decker, sailor, joined up, and on the tiny island of San Amigo found a world they hadn't bargained for!

AH, SAN AMIGO... ISLE OF WAVING PALMS AND SWEET ROMANCE!

STOW IT, BOB! YOU SOUND LIKE A RECRUITING OFFICER'S SIGN-UP SPIEL!



WE'LL POOL OUR MOOLA AND I'LL BE BANKER FOR THE DAY... FOR THE USUAL REASONS!

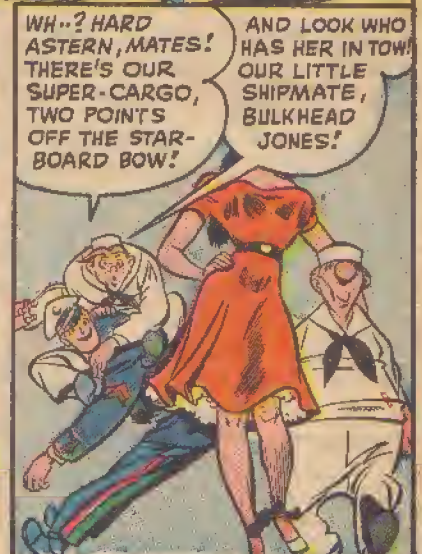
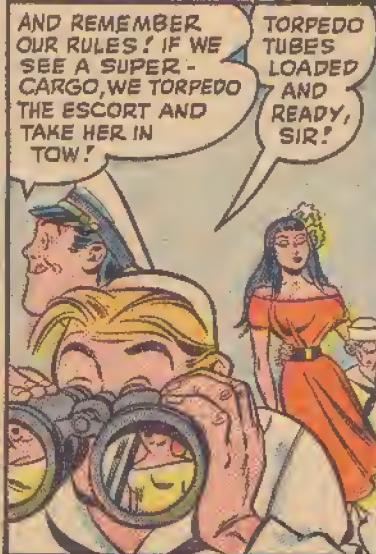
YEAH, I KNOW! THE NAVY DIDN'T DESIGN A GOB'S POCKETS FOR ANYTHING BUT SMALL CHANGE! WELL, HERE'S MINE!

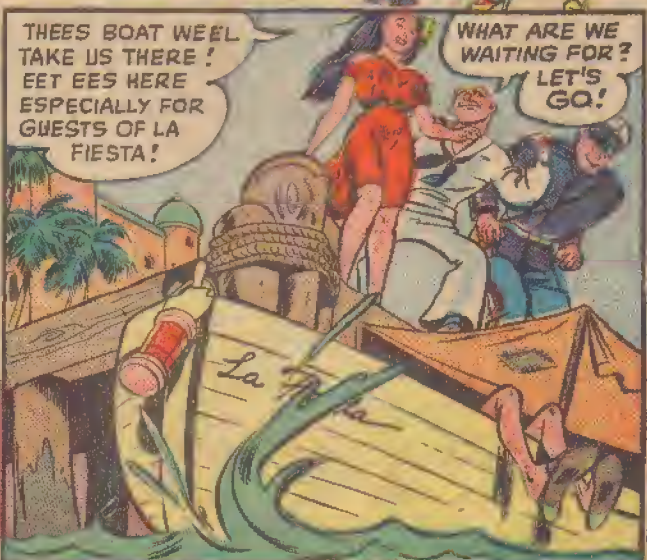
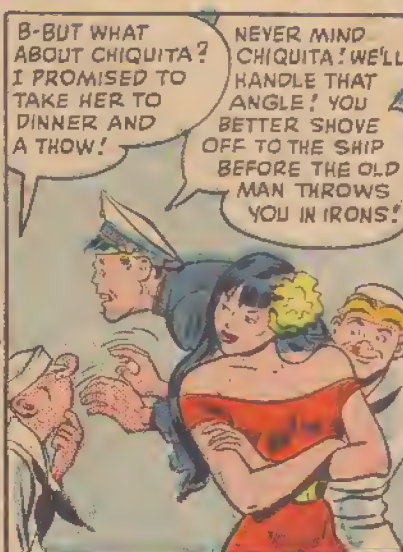
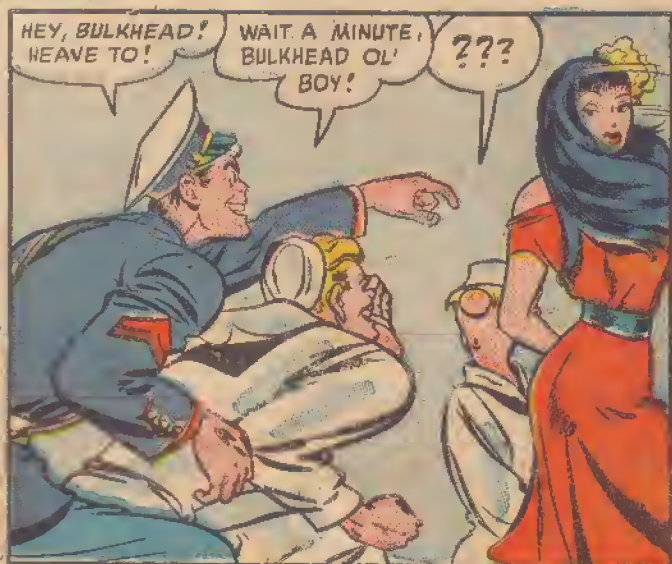
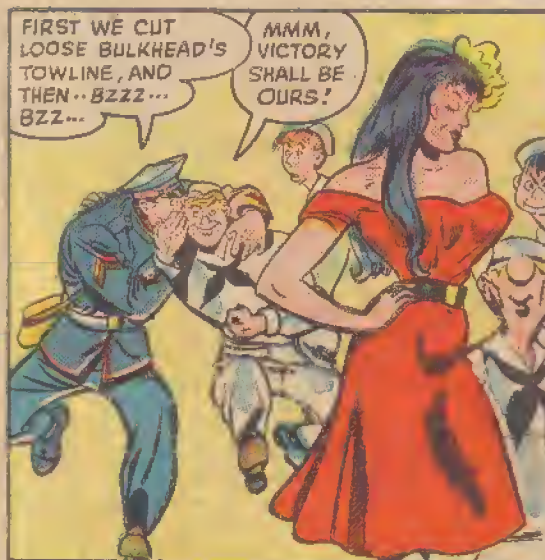
AND REMEMBER OUR RULES! IF WE SEE A SUPER-CARGO, WE TORPEDO THE ESCORT AND TAKE HER IN TOW!

TORPEDO TUBES LOADED AND READY, SIR!

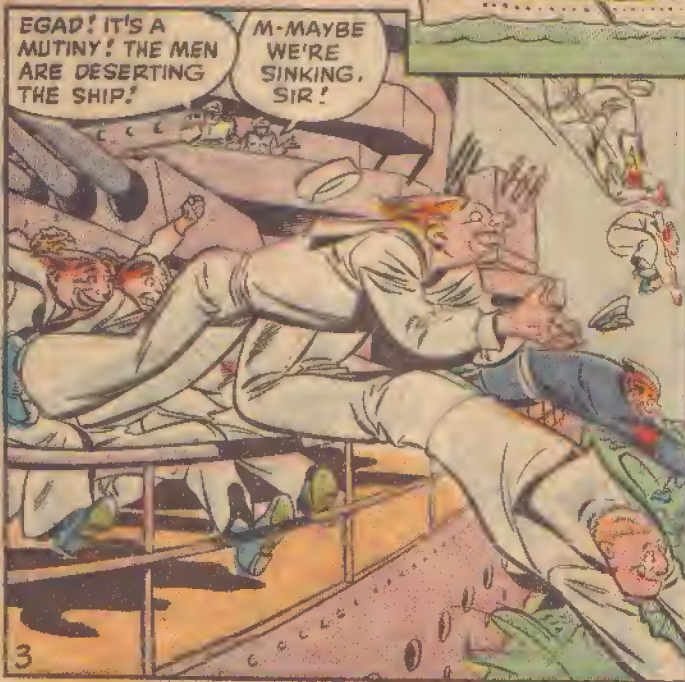
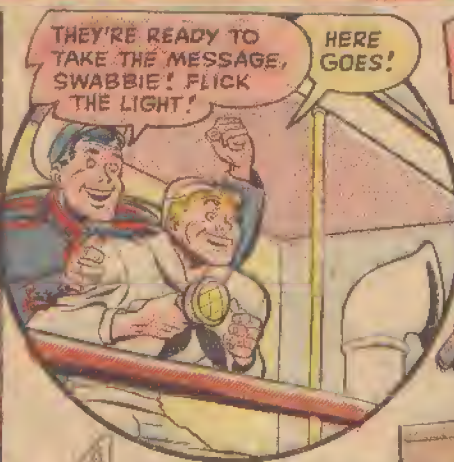
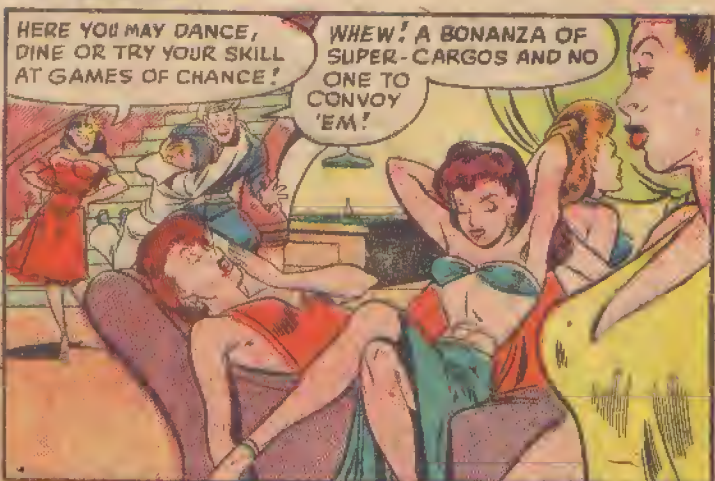
WH...? HARD ASTERN, MATES! THERE'S OUR SUPER-CARGO, TWO POINTS OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!

AND LOOK WHO HAS HER IN TOW! OUR LITTLE SHIPMATE, BULKHEAD JONES!





HIT COMICS





THIS IS FOR BOTH OF US, SWAB! NUMBER TWELVE ON THE RED! SPIN 'ER, PEDRO!

I ROOT FOR YOU, BEEG BOY!



Ten minutes later and one-hundred bucks poorer...

THAT DOES IT, KID! WE'RE FLAT, BUSTED... **BROKE!** WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE ME QUIT WHEN WE WERE AHEAD?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? THE ONLY TIME WE WERE AHEAD WAS WHEN WE BOARDED THIS SCOW!

YOU ARE A KEELER DEALER, CHIQUITA! EEN HALF HOUR WE CLEAN OUT THE ENTIRE NAVY WEETH OUR CROOKED TABLES!

SI, ALBERTO! NOW GEEVE ME MY CUT FOR EACH SAILOR I SHANGHAI TO LA FIESTA!

???

EEEEEEK!
CLEAN OUT THE NAVY, EH? CLEAN YOUR TEETH ON SOME SHARP KNUCKLES, SENOR!

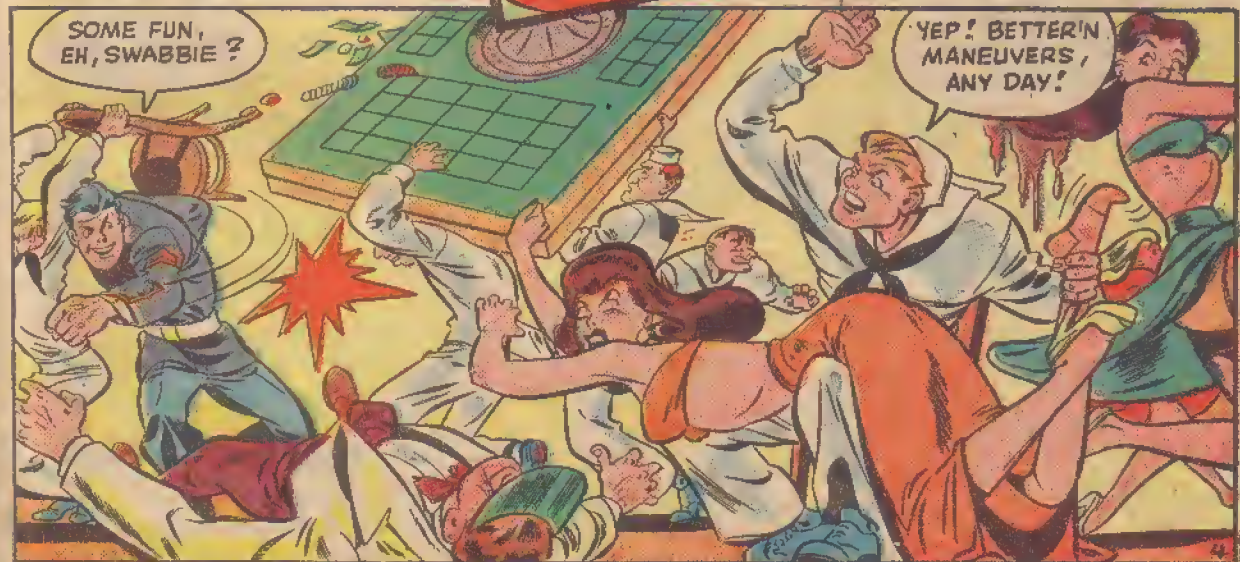
I'LL PIPE THE LADS, BOB!

HEY, NAVY! SWEEPERS, MAN YOUR BROOMS! WE GOTTA SWAB DOWN THIS CLIP JOINT!

WH-?

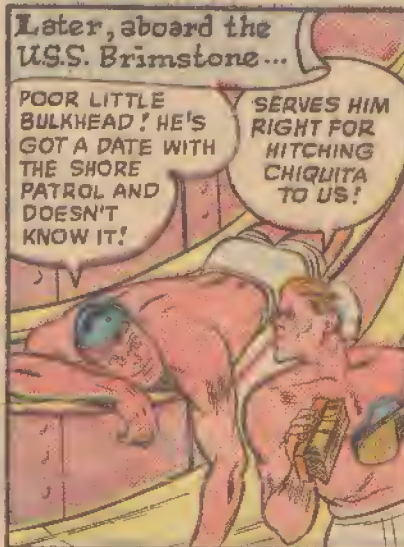
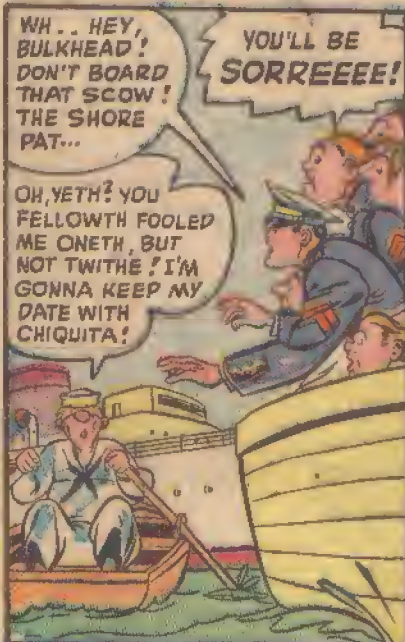
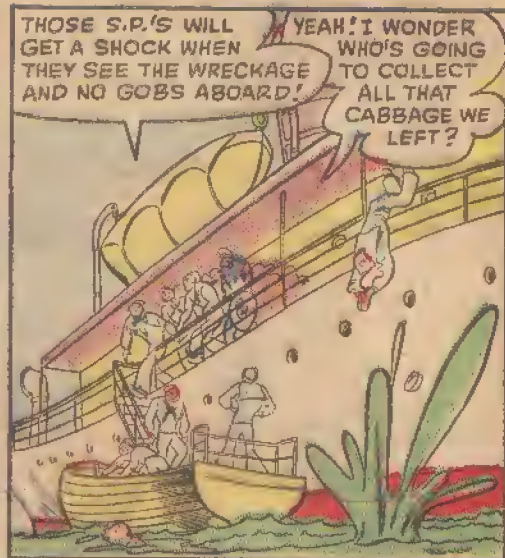
HUH?

OH, YEAH?



SOME FUN, EH, SWABIE?

YEP! BETTER'N MANEUVERS, ANY DAY!



BIG BROTHER

WAKE UP, MITIE, AND SEE IF THE FOG'S CLEARED AWAY! ZZZZZ!

YAWN! YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE THE ROAD NOW, BIG!

WHERE WE GONNA SLEEP TONIGHT, BIG?

DON'T WORRY, MITIE! WE'VE NEVER YET BEEN WITHOUT A PLACE TO SLEEP!

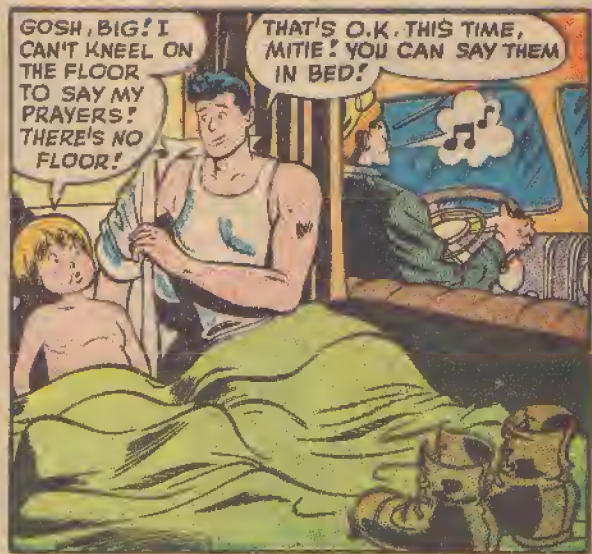
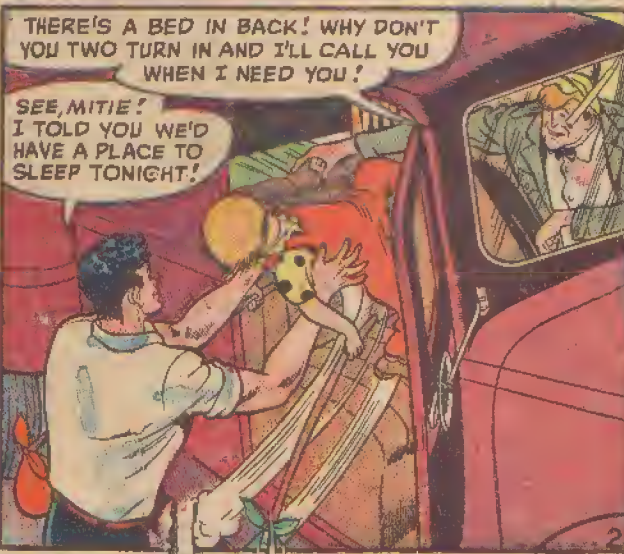
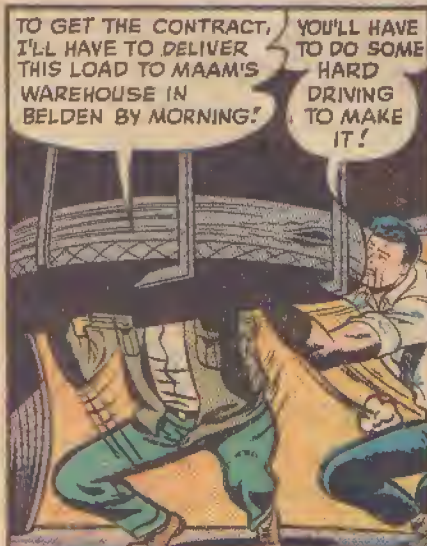
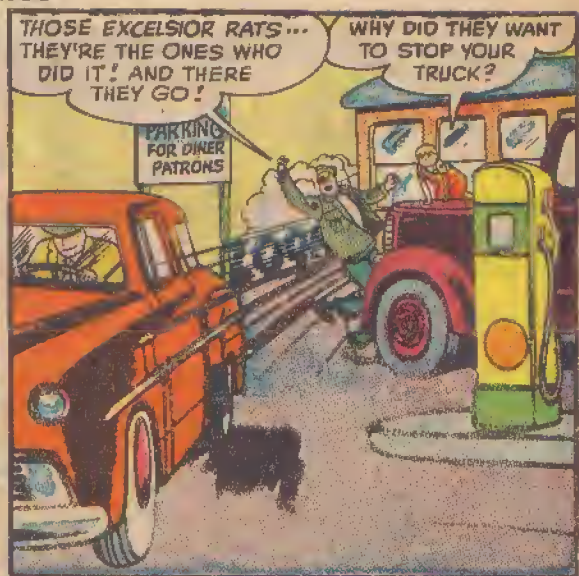
LAST NIGHT WE SLEPT IN A HAY-STACK!

WELL, WE CAN'T EXPECT FEATHER BEDS EVERY NIGHT!

HEY, BUDDY, GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS WHEEL!

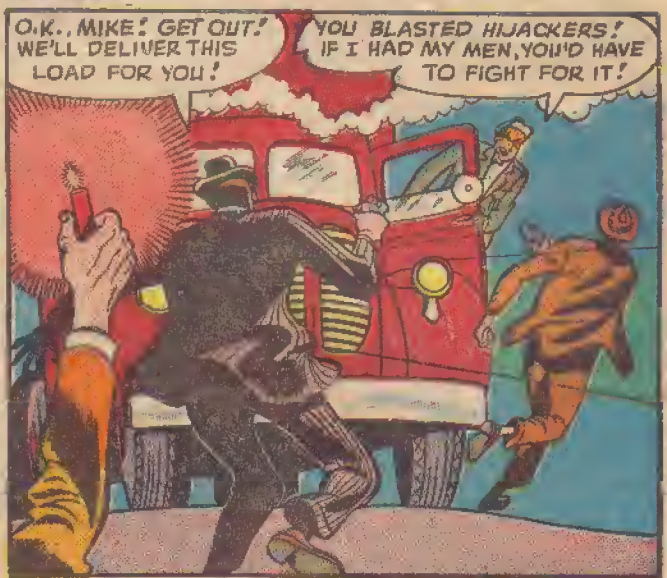
JAKE'S DINER







MY GOSH!
ANOTHER
DELAY!



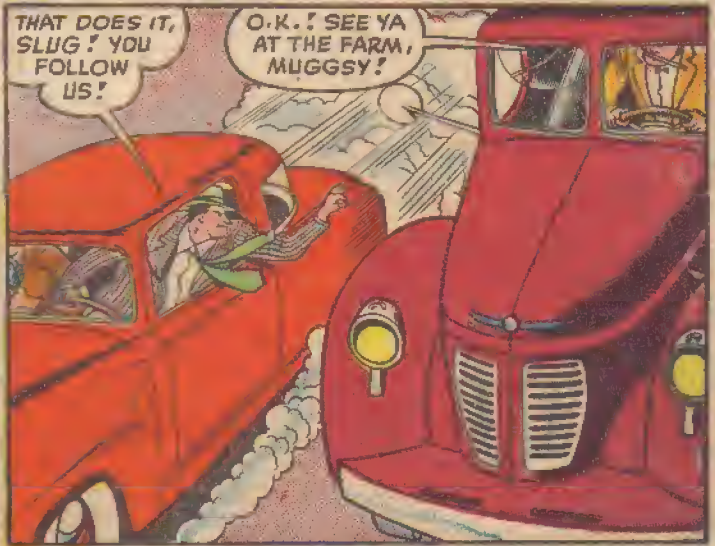
O.K., MIKE! GET OUT!
WE'LL DELIVER THIS
LOAD FOR YOU!

YOU BLASTED HIJACKERS!
IF I HAD MY MEN, YOU'D HAVE
TO FIGHT FOR IT!



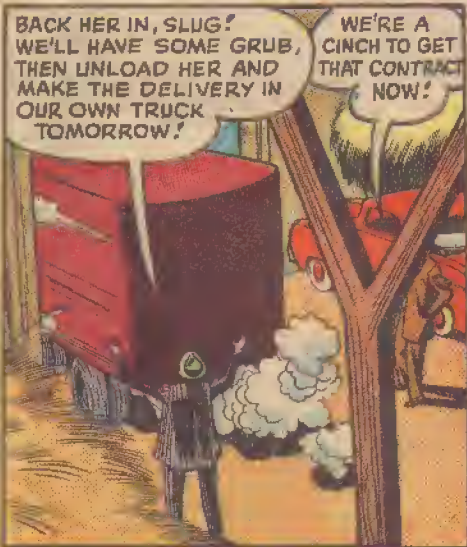
SO LONG, MIKE!
WE'LL TELL MAAM
YOU COULDN'T MAKE
IT AND WE HAD TO
TAKE OVER FOR
YOU!

IF THINGS WERE
EVEN, YOU COULDN'T
TAKE OVER A KIDNIE-
KAR FOR ME!



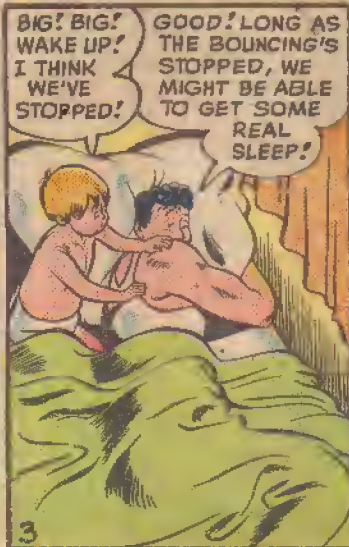
THAT DOES IT,
SLUG! YOU
FOLLOW
US!

O.K., SEE YA
AT THE FARM,
MUGGSY!



BACK HER IN, SLUG!
WE'LL HAVE SOME GRUB,
THEN UNLOAD HER AND
MAKE THE DELIVERY IN
OUR OWN TRUCK
TOMORROW!

WE'RE A
CINCH TO GET
THAT CONTRACT
NOW!



BIG! BIG!
WAKE UP!
I THINK
WE'VE
STOPPED!

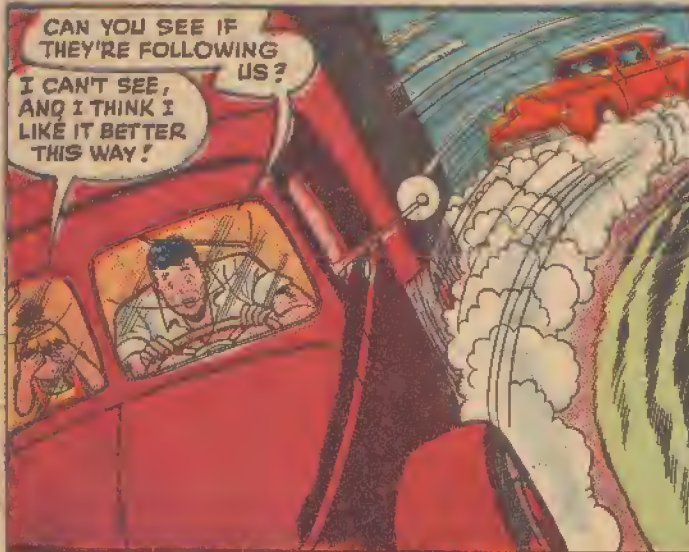
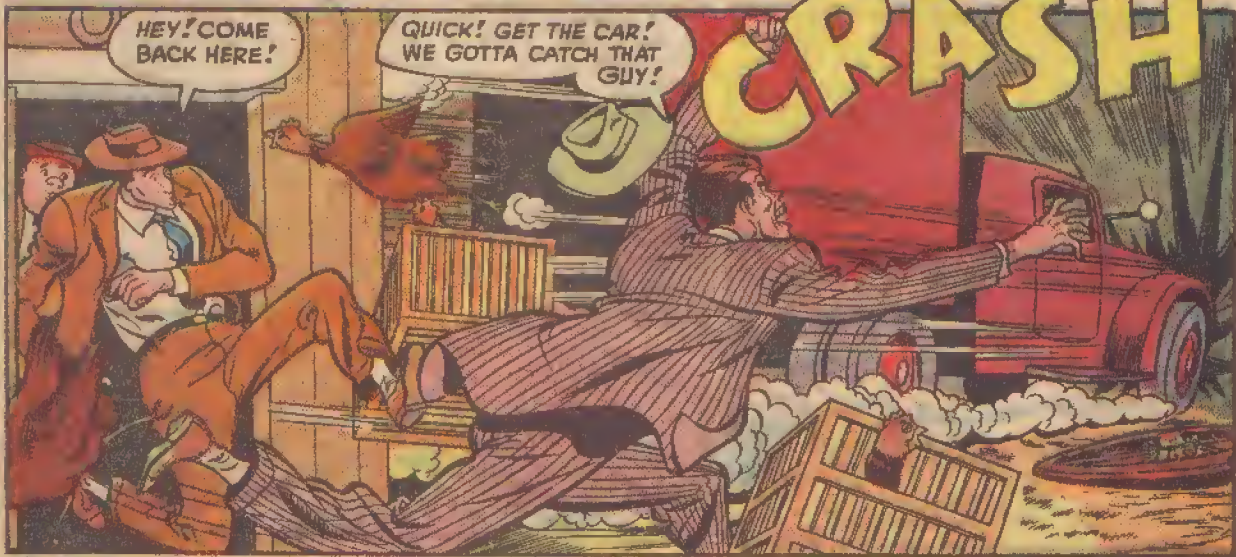
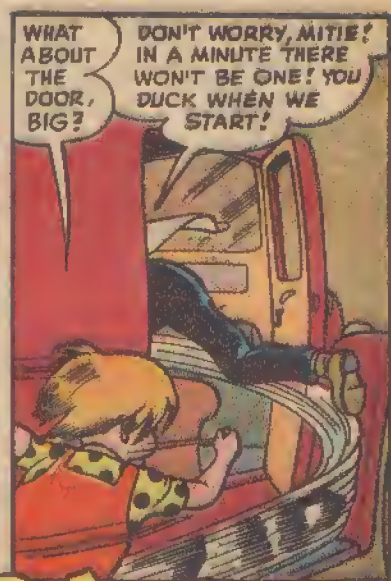
GOOD! LONG AS
THE BOUNCING'S
STOPPED, WE
MIGHT BE ABLE
TO GET SOME
REAL
SLEEP!



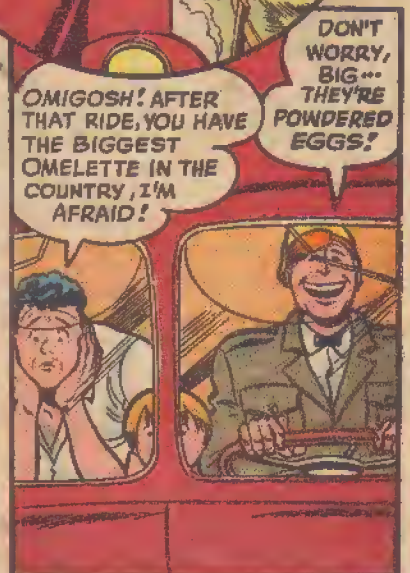
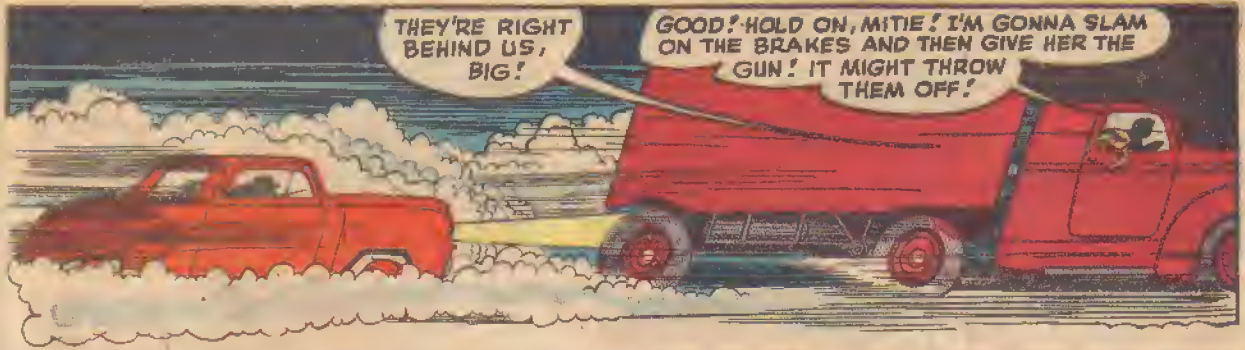
COME ON,
BIG! WE'D
BETTER
FIND
MIKE!


OOH-H! MY BACK
FEELS LIKE WE'VE
BEEN DRIVING OVER
THE DETOUR OF A
DETOUR!

HIT COMICS

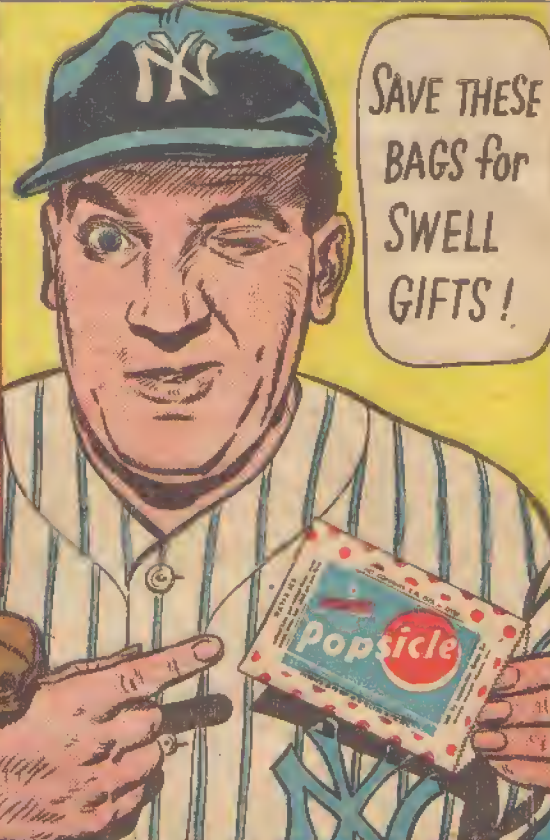


HIT COMICS





"POPSICLE PETE"
says **BOYS-GIRLS**, see
WILLIAM BENDIX
STARRING IN THE ROY DEL RUTH PRODUCTION
"The BABE RUTH STORY"
AN ALLIED ARTISTS RELEASE
**IT'S A SUPER MOVIE ABOUT
A GREAT SPORTS HERO**



SAVE THESE
BAGS for
SWELL
GIFTS!

ENJOY

Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE

and **SAVE BAGS**  for **SWELL GIFTS**

AND MANY
ICE CREAM
ON-A-STICK
PRODUCTS



"POPSICLE PETE"
SAYS

ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL
GENUINE BAGS —
THEY ALWAYS SAY —
"Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read
"Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."

**HERE ARE
ONLY
A
FEW**



Get your free list of all these wonderful gifts at your ice cream store.
Or write direct to Popsicle Pete at his address nearest to you:

NEW YORK 1, N. Y.	CHICAGO 10, ILL.	LOS ANGELES 23, CAL.	ATLANTA, GA.
601 W. 26th St.	400 W. Ohio St.	2744 E. 11th St.	325 Elizabeth St., N.E.



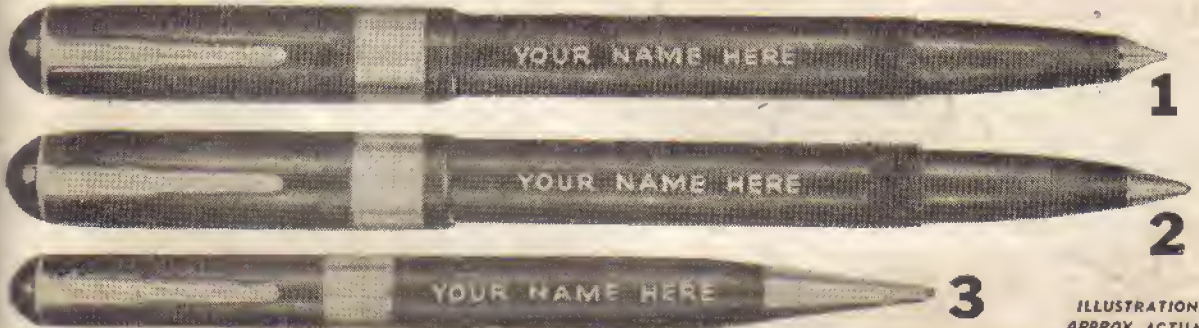
The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Our Magazine Readers



Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

WITH YOUR NAME EN-
GRAVED ON ALL THREE
WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN GOLD LETTERS . . . **\$1.69**
Factory To You

New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out CORGEIOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.



ILLUSTRATIONS ARE
APPROX. ACTUAL SIZE

1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guaranteees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

10-DAY HOME TRIAL ➤
FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE ➤
DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER ➤
SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON ➤

Yes, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you can return set for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value!

M.P.K. COMPANY, Dept. 53-L
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime plastic. Important, we will pay you double your money back if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full sizes Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

RIGHT RESERVED TO WITHDRAW OFFER AT ANYTIME

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 53-L
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois.

Okay, "miracle man", prove it! Send **PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL** with my name engraved in gold letters. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay \$1.69 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return set after 10 day trial for cash refund. (I pay in advance and we pay postage)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Holder of title.
"The World's Most
Perfectly Devel-
oped Man."

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J

115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....